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ABSTRACT

GRADE OR AGES: Grades 4 and 5. SUBJECT MATTER: Urban politics and neighborhood planning. ORGANIZATION AND PHYSICAL APPEARANCE. This workbook is designed to enable the New York public school student to gather and structure information on the history, condition, and function of their neighborhoods. Following an introduction the material describes reasons for migration into the city, characteristics and expression of the neighborhood, and practical and Utopian alternatives. The fifth grade sequence develops the history of the area and its people, the ways it is being changed, the political interests at work and the planning objectives for the neighborhood. Worksheets and student reading materials are included. The workbook is lithographed with a metal binder and soft cover. OBJECTIVES AND ACTIVITIES: Objectives and activities are presented in the accompanying teachers' manual (SP 007 391). INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS: Descriptive reference materials, scripts for major slide presentations, games, films, bibliographies, and tapes are listed under Materials in the teachers' manual. STUDENT ASSESSMENT: No provision is made for evaluation. (Related document is SP 007 391.) (MJM)

Walking Tours

In the immediate vicinity of your school there are many historical landmarks and points of interest. A walking tour can be planned with the following material, which is reprinted from AIA GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY, published by the New York Chapter, American Institute of Architects.

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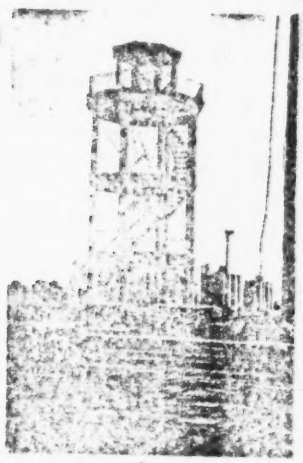
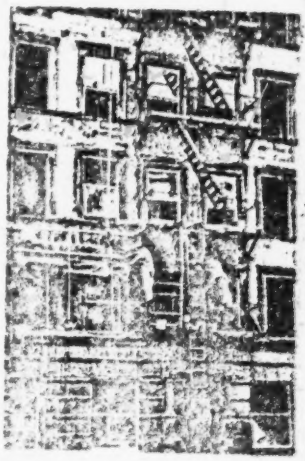
An ornate and intricate facade of brick, cast stone, and terra cotta graces this charming eclectic church. Its most unusual detail is a wrought-iron Greek cross placed on the high rose window.





[5h.] St. Philip's Church, 214 W. 134th St. W of Seventh Ave. 1911. Vertner W. Tandy and George W. Foster.

This spare, Gothic-style, brick church is probably the wealthiest Negro congregation in the nation. It was founded in the notorious **"Five Points"** section of the Lower East Side in 1809. A century later it was able to sell its properties in the **Tenderloin** for almost **$600,000**. With this windfall the church purchased its present site, as well as a row of ten apartment houses on West 135th Street previously restricted to whites. When the congregation began its move to Harlem, white tenants living in the apartment houses were evicted, and their places were made available to Negroes.

MISCELLANY

[5i.] Intermediate School 201, Manhattan, Madison Ave. NE cor. 127th St. 1966. Curtis and Davis.

A handsome and successful attempt at sculptural ornamentation. A building which attempts to solve the social problems of Harlem with mechanical gadgets. The absence of windows prevents rock throwing, but the hostility that causes rock throwing will find other outlets in this vulnerable building.

Lenox Ave. NW cor. W. 120th St. 1907. Arnold W. Brunner. ☆

Once one of the finest synagogues in the city; the facade of this rusticated classical temple is strengthened by four tall columns. Except for the installation of a baptismal pool, the lavish marble interior of the synagogue is intact.

[3f.] St. Martin's Church, 230 Lenox Ave. SE cor. W. 122nd St. 1888. William A. Potter. ☆

One of the finest Romanesque Revival buildings in New York, of excellent rough-hewn limestone with a fine carillon in its tower. It houses Harlem's leading West Indian congregation.

[3g.] Bethel Gospel Pentecostal Assembly/formerly **Harlem Club,** 36 W. 123rd St. SE cor. Lenox Ave. 1889. Lamb & Rich. ☆

This clubhouse which once entertained Harlem's elite is a splendid example of the Romanesque [illegible] expressed in brick.

[3h.] Ephesus Seventh Day Adventist Church/formerly **Second Collegiate Church,** 267 Lenox Ave. [illegible] 123rd St. 1887. J. R. Thomas.

Seventh Avenue: From Refuge Temple to the Tree of Hope.

[4a.] Refuge Temple/formerly **Harlem Casino,** Seventh Ave. NE cor. W. 124th St. Interior renovated 1966, Costas Machlouzarides.

The Refuge Temple was founded in 1919 by the Rev. R. C. Lawson, who criticized the lack of emotionalism in Harlem's more established churches and offered recent migrants the fire, brimstone, and personal Christianity with which they were familiar down South.

[4b.] Hotel Theresa, 2090 Seventh Ave. SW cor. W. 125th St.

This hotel gains its dignity from the extensive use of terra cotta tiles on its facade. Long one of Harlem's chief meeting places. A major renovation is planned.

[5a.] Metropolitan Baptist Church, 151 W. 128th St. NE cor. Seventh Ave. 1884.

[5b.] Salem Methodist Church/formerly **Calvary Methodist Church,** Seventh Ave. NW cor. W. 129th St. 1887. Enlarged, 1890.

This church once had the largest Protestant church auditorium and membership in the city. The simple brick structure is embellished by a carefully detailed bell tower and splendid, red-paneled arched doors.

[5c.] Vacant buildings, Seventh Ave. NE cor. 130th St.

A handsome, red brick Victorian apartment house and an unusual row of limestone-faced town houses with Egyptian motifs on their facades are in an excellent state of exterior preservation.

[5d.] Williams Institutional Church/formerly **Lafayette Theatre,** 2225 Seventh Ave. bet. W. 131st St. and W. 132nd St. E side.

A church now occupies this complex of three buildings, originally designed as a complete neighborhood entertainment center, with a large theater, ballroom, restaurant, tavern, public meeting rooms, and offices. For three decades the Lafayette was the nation's leading Negro theater. The 1913 production of *Darktown Follies* drew so much critical applause that it started the vogue of outsiders' coming to Harlem for entertainment.

[5e.] Site of the Tree of Hope, center island of Seventh Ave. at W. 131st St.

Negro actors exchanged news under this famous tree; **Bojangles Bill Robinson** presented the brass plaque that marks its former site.

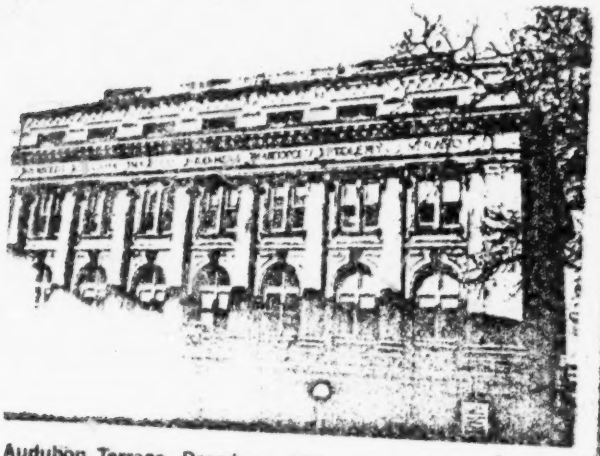
[5f.] Residences, W. 132nd St. near Seventh Ave. adjacent to the Lafayette Theater building.

A row of unusually fine, high-stoop, brownstone houses, in excellent preservation.

[5g.] St. Aloysius' Church, 209 W. 132nd St. W of Seventh Ave. 1904. W. W. Renwick. ☆

b.] **Chapel of the Intercession and Rectory, Trinity Parish,** oadway SE cor. W. 155th St. 1914. Cram, Goodhue & Fergu-). ★

Set in Trinity Cemetery, this is the largest chapel in Trinity rish. Here is the dream of the Gothic Revivalist come true: a ge country church with a ceiling as high as a cathedral's, with a er, cloister, parish house, and vicarage, all set on a bucolic hill- overlooking the romantic Hudson.



Audubon Terrace, Broadway, NW cor. W. 155th St. 1908. les Pratt Huntington.

Five small museums are reached through a well-proportioned ical court.

Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation), Audu- Terrace. 1916. Charles Pratt Huntington. Hours: 1–5 PM. d Mondays, holidays, and month of August. Free.

Originally the private collection of George G. Heye, this is a comprehensive museum concerned with the prehistoric ern Hemisphere and the contemporary American (North/ al and South) Indian.

American Geographical Society, Audubon Terrace. 1916. s Pratt Huntington. Mondays–Fridays, 9 AM–5 PM.

he largest geographical library and map collection in the rn Hemisphere is housed in this building.

Hispanic Society of America, Audubon Terrace. South Build- 908. Charles Pratt Huntington. North Building and additions th Building, 1910–1926. Charles P. Huntington, Erik Strind- H. Brooks Price. Hours: Tuesdays-Saturdays, 10 AM–4:30 ndays, 2–5 PM.

his is a richly appointed storehouse of Hispanic painting, ure, and the decorative arts.

American Numismatic Society, Audubon Terrace. 1908. s Pratt Huntington. Hours: Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9 AM–

museum devoted entirely to coins, medals, decorations, and money; also the most comprehensive numismatic library in ntry.

tional Institute of Arts and Letters/American Academy of d Letters, Audubon Terrace. **Administration Building,** 633 th St., 1923. William Mitchell Kendall. **Auditorium and** 632 W. 156th St., 1930. Cass Gilbert. Hours: Exhibitions -4 PM. Closed Mondays and holidays.

The Institute and Academy were founded to honor distinguished persons in literature and the fine arts. The administration building contains a permanent exhibition of the works of Childe Hassam, the American painter, a library and a museum of manuscripts by past and present members.

[2f.] Church of Our Lady of Esperanza (Roman Catholic), 624 W. 156th St. bet. Bway and Riverside Dr. 1912. Charles Pratt Huntington. 1925, Lawrence G. White.

The green and gold interior of this church adjoining Audubon Terrace contains stained-glass windows and a lamp given by the King of Spain in 1912.

IRT's Hoosick: After the Hoosick Tunnel (northeast of Troy, N.Y.) which holds the record, the longest two-track tunnel in the U.S. cut through solid rock is on the IRT Broadway Line. The tunnel lies below Broadway and St. Nicholas Avenues and runs between West 137th Street and Fort George.

[3.] Morris-Jumel Mansion, Edgecombe Ave. NW cor. W. 160th St. ca. 1765. ☆

Built by Roger Morris as a summer residence for his family. During the Revolution it served for a time as Washington's headquarters. But for most of that war the house was in British hands. It then served as a roadside tavern until 1810 when Stephen Jumel purchased it and completely renovated the house in the Federal style.

At one time this location commanded the finest view in Manhattan; even the hills of Staten Island being visible.

[4.] Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, 622-630 W. 168th St. to below W. 165th St., Broadway to Riverside Dr. 1928–present. 1928–1947, James Gamble Rogers, Inc. 1947–1964, Rogers & Butler. 1964–date, Rogers, Butler, & Burgun.

Carcassonne on the Hudson; as the years pass more and more additions of varying heights and shapes (but all in related materials) populate the site. Present plans call for expansion east across Broadway.

Freud's Library: In the Freud Memorial Room of the Neurological and Psychiatric Institutes is shelved part of Freud's personal library.

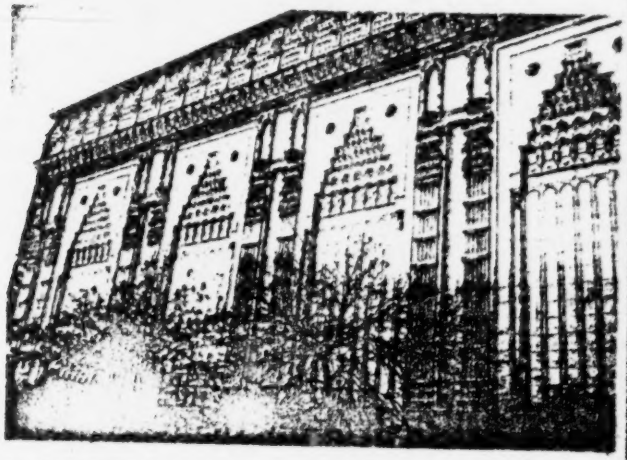
[5.] Highbridge Park, W. 155th St. to Dyckman St. Amsterdam Ave. to Harlem River Dr.

Once the site of an amusement park, marina, and promenade, this park gains its beauty from a steep slope, and rugged topography.

UPPER MANHATTAN

[6a.] High Bridge/formerly **Aqueduct Bridge,** Highbridge Park at W. 174th St. 1839–1848, 1895.

This is the oldest remaining bridge connecting Manhattan to the mainland. It was built to carry Croton water to Manhattan. Originally the bridge consisted of closely spaced masonry arches, the central group of which were replaced by the present steel arch at the time of the building of the Harlem River Ship Canal. The pedestrian-walkway has been closed for several years, but a recent proposal calls for its reopening. [See Bronx 8a.]



[6b.] Highbridge Tower, Highbridge Park at W. 173rd St. ca. 1842. Attributed to John B. Jervis.

A local landmark, this tower, originally used to equalize pressure in the Croton Aqueduct, now simply marks the Manhattan end of High Bridge. Adjacent is the site of a large (and well-used) public outdoor swimming pool.

[7.] Henry Hudson Parkway.

Driving southward into Manhattan on this parkway hugging the Hudson is one of New York's great gateway experiences. Leaving Riverdale in the Bronx there is the passage across the high-level Henry Hudson Bridge (more dramatic seen from the distance than driven across) and then the descent to the banks of the Hudson: past the Cloisters romantically surmounting a hill top, lonely and beautiful; through a wooded area; then under the majestic George Washington Bridge. And all of a sudden the skyline of Manhattan materializes and the transition is complete.

[7a.] Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, 21 Wadsworth Ave. NE cor. W. 174th St. 1914. Carrère and Hastings.

This handsome church is reminiscent in its details and in its feeling of Wren's London. The columns and pediment of the facade are particularly fine.

[7b.] Loew's 175th Street Theatre, Broadway, NE cor. W. 175th St. 1930. Thomas Lamb.

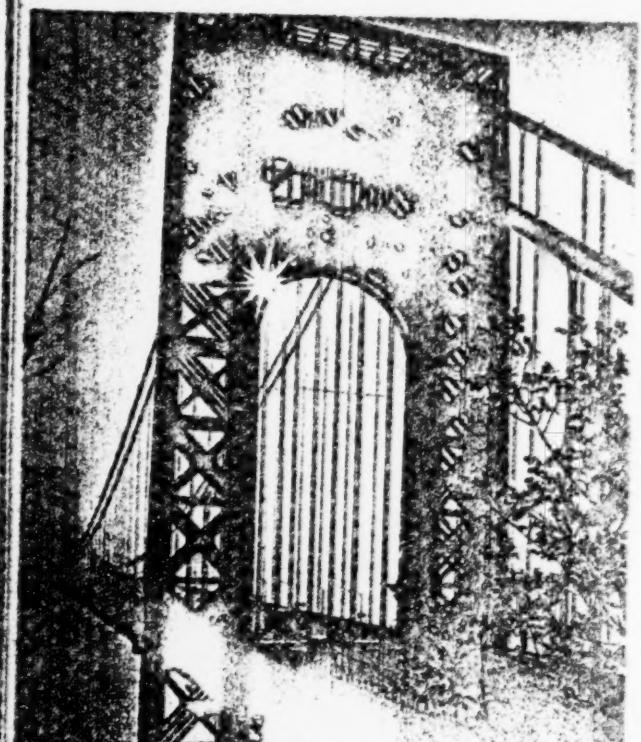
A thrilling and fantastic example of "Movie Palace Moorish," a reminder of those days when Hollywood ruled the world and everyone went to the movies on Saturday night. The lobby is cavernous and ornate, the theater is vast, and the pop-corn still tastes the same! The lion roars: "MGM PRESENTS..."

[8.] George Washington Bridge, Hudson River at W. 178 St. 1931. [See Bridges and Tunnels.]

"The George Washington Bridge over the Hudson is the most beautiful bridge in the world. Made of cables and steel beams, it gleams in the sky like a reversed arch. It is blessed. It is the only seat of grace in the disordered city. It is painted an aluminum color and, between water and sky, you see nothing but the bent cord supported by two steel towers. When your car moves up the ramp the two towers rise so high that it brings you happiness; their structure is so pure, so resolute, so regular that here, finally, steel architecture seems to laugh. The car reaches an unexpectedly wide apron; the second tower is very far away; innumerable vertical cables, gleaming against the sky, are suspended from the magisterial curve which swings down and then up. The rose-colored towers of New York appear, a vision whose harshness is mitigated by distance."

Charles Eduard Jeanneret (Le Corbusier) from *When the Cathedrals Were White* Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947.

The lower level, added in 1962, has markedly changed the proportions of this bridge.



[8a.] "The Little Red Lighthouse," U.S. Coast Guard, Ft. Washington Park below the George Washington Bridge. 1921.

Directly under the east tower of the George Washington Bridge, the lighthouse was built to steer grain barges away from the shoals of Jeffrey's Hook. When navigational lights were mounted on the bridge, it was no longer used, and was put up for auction in 1951. A barrage of letters from children, who had read *The Little Red*

UPPER MANHATTAN

The highest point: In Bennett Park, along the west side of Fort Washington Avenue between West 183rd and West 185th Streets is a rock outcropping which is the highest point in Manhattan, 267.75 feet above sea level. An added bonus is the outline of Revolutionary Fort Washington marked by stone pavers.

[15a.] Hudson View Gardens, 116 Pinehurst Ave. bet. W. 183rd and W. 185th Sts. 1925. George F. Pelham II.

Carefully located away from traffic and noise, on a quiet, sheltered street, this is a "country village" of Tudor Gothic six story elevator apartment houses.

15b.] Castle Village Apartments, 120-200 Cabrini Blvd. bet. W. 181st to W. 186th Sts. 1938. George F. Pelham II.

Each floor of the cross-shaped buildings contains nine apartments, eight of which have river views. The site was formerly occupied by the Paterno estate- its massive retaining walls are used by the present buildings, and are visible from Henry Hudson Parkway.

[17.] Fort Tryon Park, W. 192nd St. to Dyckman St., Broadway to Riverside Dr. Frederick Law Olmsted Jr.

A gift of the Rockefeller family to New York City, this site was formerly the C. K. G. Billings estate (the triple arched driveway on Riverside Drive was the entrance to the estate). This is one of the best maintained city parks and famous for its flower gardens.

[17a.] The Cloisters, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fort Tryon Park. 1934-1938. Charles Collens of Allen, Collens and Willis. Alterations to receive Fuentaduena Chapel, 1961, Brown, Lawford & Forbes. Hours: Weekdays except Mondays, 10 AM-5 PM. Sundays and holidays, 1 PM-5 PM (1 PM-6 PM May-September). Free.

The Cloisters house the medieval art collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and are a gift to the public from John D. Rockefeller Jr. The building incorporates sections from medieval buildings such as a Twelfth Century chapter house, parts of five cloisters from medieval monasteries (from which the name is derived), a Romanesque chapel and a Twelfth Century Spanish apse, the Fuentaduena Chapel. It also contains the beautiful Unicorn tapestries. More a place with a character of its own than a museum, the Cloisters is more than the sum of its parts. Check with them for concerts of early music held in one of the cloisters.

Into the depths: The two deepest subway stations in the city are both in this vicinity. The IRT Broadway Line at 191st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue (180 feet below the street) and the IND station at 190th Street and Fort Tryon Park (165 feet down). In both cases elevators whisk passengers to the street.

[18a.] Dyckman House, Broadway, NW cor. W. 204th St. 1783. Hours: 11 AM-5 PM. Closed Mondays. ☆

Rebuilt by William Dyckman after the destruction of the previous buildings by the British, this the only 18th Century farmhouse remaining in Manhattan. With its gambrel roof and fieldstone lower walls, the house shows a strong Dutch influence. The interior, with its random width chestnut floors and the original family objects and furnishings is well worth a visit.

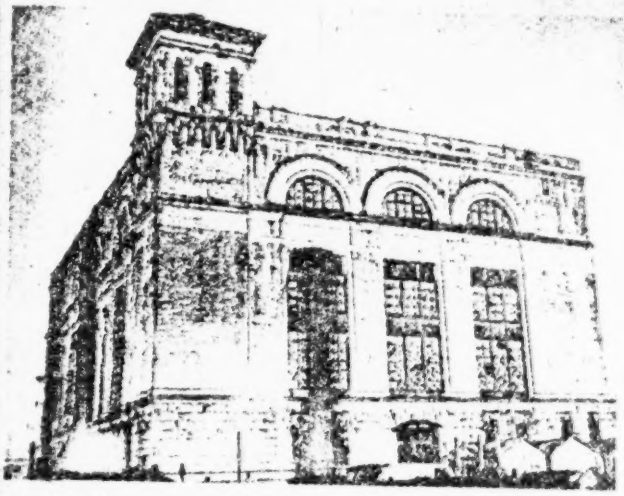
Nash Pastry Shop, 182 Dyckman St.

Delectable French pastries and a tearoom in the back for a leisurely repast. This is the neighborhood gathering place for local pastry lovers.

18b.] Church of the Good Shepherd, 4967 Broadway, cor. Isham St. 1937. Paul Monahan.

The large barrel-vaulted interior is worth seeing for both its stained glass and the marble altar.

[19a.] 207th Street Yards, N.Y.C. Transit Authority, 3961 Tenth Ave. bet. W. 207th and W. 215th Sts. E side. 1928. F. Gardner.



[19b.] Metropolitan Street Railway Co., Ninth Ave. NE cor. 216th St.

[19c.] Kingsbridge Division, Third Avenue Railway System/now MaBSTOA (Manhattan and Bronx Surface Operating Authority), Broadway SE cor. W. 218th St. ca. 1895.

Three relics from the days when trolley cars and elevated trains were revered. Their bold and sometimes exuberant architecture seems to have departed with their occupants.

[20.] Baker Field, Columbia University, W. 218th St. at Seaman Ave. N side. Stadium, 1905-1930. Field House and Lounge, 1944-1954, Eggers & Higgins. **Boat House [20a.],** 1930, Polyhemus & Coffin.

BROOKLYN

[1f.] **St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church,** 1227 Pacific St. bet. Bedford and Nostrand Aves. N side. ca. 1893. George B. Chappell.

One of the most charming romantic churches in the city. Interior is lovingly designed. [See Park Slope 7. and Bedford-Stuyvesant 16 for other works.]

[1g.] **Medical Society of the County of Kings,** 1313 Bedford Ave. bet. Atlantic Ave. and Pacific St. E side. 1903. D. Everett Weld & R. M. Cranford.

[2h.] **23rd Regiment Armory,** 1322 Bedford Ave. bet. Atlantic Ave. and Pacific St. W side. 1892. Fowler & Hough.

This battlemented fortress for the National Guard, with its handsome round tower and arched gateway, complete with portcullis, lacks only a moat to be right out of King Arthur's realm.

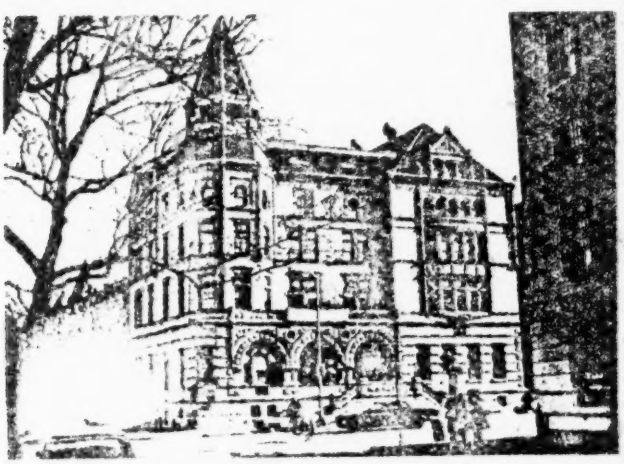
St. Marks Avenue: Row houses, town houses, and mansions.

[2a.] **St. Marks Avenue,** bet. Franklin and Bedford Aves.

Superbly preserved brownstone and other row housing.

[2b.] **669, 673, 675-677 St. Marks Avenue,** bet. Rogers and Nostrand Aves. N side. ca. 1890.

[2c.] **758 St. Marks Avenue,** bet. Nostrand and New York Aves. S side. ca. 1890.



[3a.] **800 St. Marks Avenue,** bet. New York and Brooklyn Aves. S side. ca. 1890.

The Abraham Abraham Residence. A. A. was at the time he commissioned this house a partner in Wechsler & Abraham, the forerunner of today's Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn's largest department store. Among his philanthropic accomplishments was the founding of nearby Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, built in 1894 as Memorial Hospital for Women and Children. The porch on the house is an addition. Note the stables in the rear on Prospect Place. Also see 834, 836, and 847 Prospect Place, narrow, Victorian single houses.

[3b.] **814 St. Marks Avenue,** bet. New York and Brooklyn Aves. S side. ca. 1905.

The Ludwig Nissen Mansion, a miniature of the Potsd Palace, was commissioned by a German emigre who became a w known jeweler.

[3c.] **820 St. Marks Avenue,** bet. New York and Brooklyn Ave side. ca. 1890.

[3d.] **839 St. Marks Avenue,** NE cor. Brooklyn Ave. ca. 1898. suit Sturgis.

Originally the Dean Sage Residence, now the St. Louis Conv

Hats, anyone? In 1855 most hats sold in the U.S., and m provinces of Britain as well, were produced in Brooklyn. (were mostly beaver hats.) The Knox Hat Company buildi stands at the northwest corner of Grand Avenue and Dean St

[4.] **Brooklyn Children's Museum,** Brower Park, Brooklyn bet. St. Marks Ave. and Park Pl. **North Bldg: L. C. Smith dence,** ca. 1890. **South Bldg: William Newton Adams Resid** 1867. [4a.]

Both these buildings, regrettably, are in their terminal s The Brooklyn Children's Museum, organized in 1899 (the fi its kind in the world), is looking forward to a brand-new fa The Italianate villa of the Smith Family was a familiar land in Brower (formerly Bedford) Park to those motorists who larly use Brooklyn Avenue. The so-called Spanish Adams H a curiously designed building, was the home of noted his Samuel Truslow Adams, as well as his grandfather.

MISCELLANY

[5.] **Union Methodist Church/**formerly **New York Avenue M dist Church,** 121 New York Ave. bet. Bergen and Dean Sts. 1891. Parfitt Bros. (?)

Marvelous, fresh, Romanesque Revival church. Clearly inted massing of clerestory, tower, and transepts.

[6.] **Loehmann's,** 1476 Bedford Ave. NW cor. Sterling Pl.

Man's gift to the middle-class matron. An extrava decorated bit of orientalia, the work of its founder, Mrs. Loehmann. Since her death at 88 in 1963 it has been rep under new management. Noted for its fantastic buys in the of one-of-a-kind samples and manufacturers' overstocks of wo civic fashion. On a busy day it's quite a spectacle; no fitting

[7.] **President Street,** bet. Brooklyn and New York Aves. 1920.

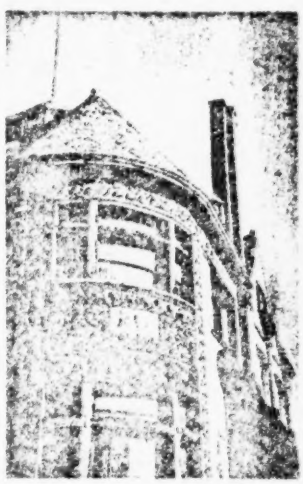
BROOKLYN

[4.] **596 Bushwick Avenue,** SW cor. Suydam St.

A meticulously cared-for frame house of Renaissance Revival detail.

[4a.] **Bushwick Democratic Club**/later **Bushwick Club**/now **Knights of Columbus, Bushwick Council No. 232,** 719 Bushwick Ave. NW cor. Hart St. 1892. Frank Freeman.

One of Freeman's finer works: in the same spirit as the **Jay Street Firehouse.** [See Brooklyn Heights 7a.] The intertwined initials "BDC" are still visible within the magnificent terra cotta ornament. Containing finely furnished meeting rooms and even a bowling alley, it was built and furnished for the incredible sum of $62,000. Note the two adjacent row houses built at same time which use **baroque forms** but still manage to set off the clubhouse.



[5.] **St. Augustine Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor,** Bushwick Ave. bet. DeKalb Ave. and Stockholm St. N side. After 1875. Parfitt Bros.

[6.] **South Bushwick Reformed Church,** Bushwick Ave. NW cor. Himrod St. 1853. ☆

Organized in 1851 by farmer members of the original Bushwick Reformed Church, dating back to 1654. First known as the **Second Reformed Church of Bushwick** and now as the **White Church. First** minister was the **Rev. John Himrod,** after whom adjacent street was named. Large-scaled baroque columns and ornate capitals enrich the main facade of this white-painted wood edifice.

[7.] **John F. Hylan Residence,** 959 Bushwick Ave. bet. Bleecker and Menahan Sts. N side.

One of a row of unpretentious brownstones, this house belonged to a **mayor of the City of New York (1918–1925).**

[8a.] **Gustav Doerschuck Residence,** 999 Bushwick Ave. NW cor. Grove St. ca. 1890.

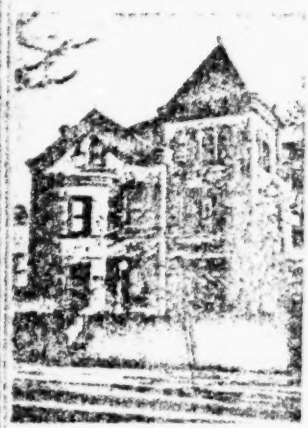
Another substantial brewer's mansion in brick.

[8b.] **Charles Lindemann Residence,** 1001 Bushwick Ave. NE cor. Grove St. ca. 1890.

[8c.] **Arion Singing Society**/formerly **Louis Bossert Residence,** 1002 Bushwick Ave. SE cor. Grove St. ca. 1890.

This square red brick double house with Mansard roof and attached extensions was originally the home of **Louis Bossert,** a successful millwork manufacturer whose plant was in nearby Williamsburg at Union and Johnson Avenues. The building now is the home of an organization which began as the **Arion Männerchor.** Biennally the **Arion Men's Choir,** the leading German singing society of the Eastern District. (In 1887 **Arion Hall** was erected for its meetings and concerts. It still stands at **13 Arion Place.**) **Bossert** went on to become the founder of the **Hotel Bossert** in Brooklyn Heights. [See Brooklyn Heights 14.]

Grove Street: It owes its name to a park called Boulevard Grove at the intersection of that street with Bushwick Avenue. Picnics were being held there as early as 1863.



[9a.] **1020 Bushwick Avenue** and **37-53 Linden Street,** SW cor. Linden St.

A group of the richly decorated and carefully crafted row houses. As is usual in this period the corner house is treated as a special design problem using the vocabulary of the entire composition. The frieze of terra cotta girding the entire group is superb.

[9b.] **George W. Shellas Residence,** 1027 Bushwick Ave. NE cor. Linden St.

[10.] **Bushwick Avenue Central Methodist Episcopal Church**/now **Bushwick Avenue Methodist Church,** 1130 Bushwick Ave. NE cor. Madison St.

[11.] **Mrs. J. A. Gramberg Residence,** 1150 Bushwick Ave. SE cor. Putnam Ave. ca. 1885.

[12.] **Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church**/now **Bethanda Baptist Church,** Bushwick Ave. SW cor. Cornelia St. 1896. Parfitt Bros. (?)

A strikingly handsome brick church with a magnificent belfry and a raised clerestory section over the auditorium. Regrettably, it has suffered in recent years from lack of maintenance. It is reminiscent of the Union Methodist Church of Brooklyn in Crown Heights. [See Crown Heights 5.]

Bakery-N. Di Mauro, Prop., 291 Central Ave. NW cor. Bleecker St. **In the shadow of St. Barbara's across the street this old Italian bakery and one-time coffee house still exudes the flavor of Italy both visually and gustatorially. You may not be able to identify which of the pastries are cannoli and which are genoise or pasticciotte ricotta. Don't be put off. Let your eyes decide, and your taste buds will be rewarded.**

SOUTHERN BRONX

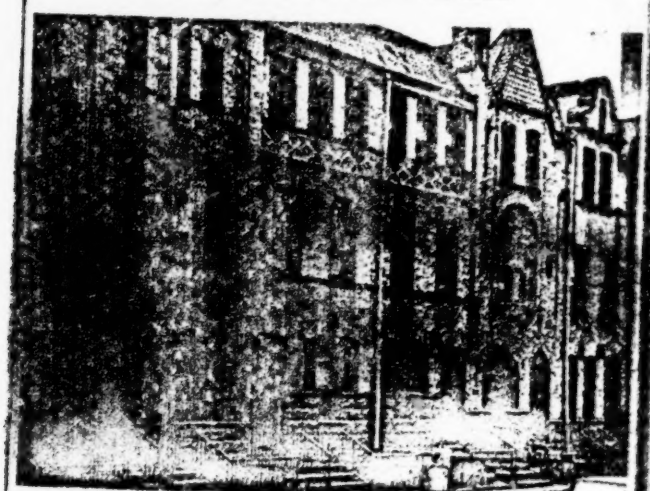
[1a.] Site of Jordan Mott Iron Works, 1828–1906.

Mott, inventor of a coal-burning stove, purchased 200 acres from Gouverneur Morris II, and established a factory west of Third Avenue, between East 134th Street and the Harlem River in 1828. The venture prospered and grew. The buildings of the iron works can still be seen from the western walkway of the Third Avenue Bridge. Mott founded the village of Mott Haven, whose monogram "MH" persists in the mosaics of the 138th and 149th Street stations of the IRT Lexington Avenue Line. [See S Bronx 2a and W Bronx 1a.]

Bronck's: The site of the Jonas Bronck farmhouse of 1639 is believed to have been located within the present New Haven railroad yards east of the Third Avenue Bridge. The name "The Bronx" derives from this early settler's family name.

[1b.] The Bertine Block, 414–432 E. 136th St. E of Willis Ave.

A handsome row of private houses. Low stoops, limestone foundations, a variety of ornament, some stained glass, yellow-face brick. Slum clearance has not yet reached this street.



[2a.] Mott Haven Reformed Church, 350 E. 146th St. W. of Third Ave. 1852.

[1c.] St. Jerome's Church, Alexander Ave. & SE cor. E. 138th St.

Spanish Renaissance brick and limestone church with an unusual cupola.

[1d.] Alexander Avenue from E. 138th St. to E. 142nd St.

This is the old Bronx at its best. Seven blockfronts encapsule an elegant and urbane world of the 19th Century.

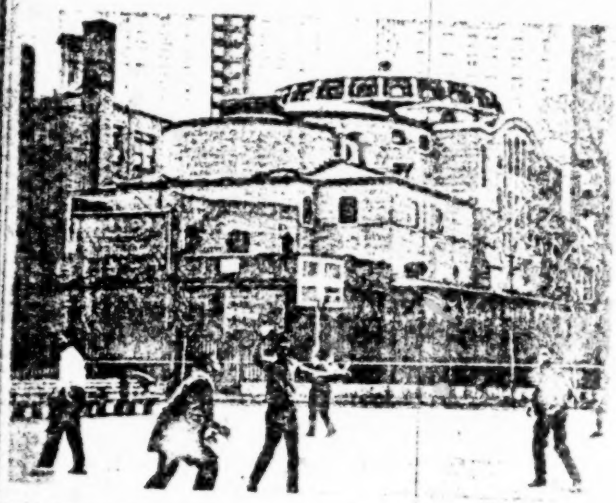
[1e.] Mott Haven Branch, New York Public Library, 321 E. 140th St. NE cor. Alexander Ave. 1905. Babb, Cook & Willard.

One of the earliest and most handsome products of Carnegie's gift, with high ceilings, tall windows, red brick, and rusticated limestone trim; we are reminded of McKim, Mead & White's early buildings on Morningside Heights.

[2b.] "The Hub", intersection of E. 149th St. Westchester, Third, Melrose, and Willis Aves.

At least five important business streets come together at the junction point of the Third Avenue "El" and the Seventh Avenue and Lexington Avenue Subways. This is one of the focal points of Bronx business. The original of the Alexander's department store chain is at 2952 Third Avenue.

[6a.] St. Anselm's Church, 673 Tinton Ave. NW cor. 152nd St. 1917. Gustave Steinbach.



El Radiante Restaurant, 640 Prospect Ave. cor. Kelly St. 669-816

One of the finest Puerto Rican restaurants.

[7a.] American Bank Note Company, Lafayette Ave. NE cor. Tiffany St.

Paper money and stamps for many nations and stock certificates for domestic and foreign corporations are all produced in this lacespare Gothic fortress that guards the entrance to Hunts Point and guards the valuable paper printed within its walls.

[7b.] Corpus Christi Monastery, 1230 Lafayette Ave. at Barrett St. 1899.

A cloistered community of Dominican nuns. The limestone church was the gift of the Crimmins family, whose vault is in the crypt. The best time to visit the monastery is on Sunday afternoon when the nuns sing their office. The church, with its beautiful polished mosaic floor, bare walls, and scores of candles, is then fully lighted.

[7c.] Bright Temple AME Church/formerly Temple Beth Elohim/formerly Brightside, Faile St. NE cor. Lafayette Ave. 1860.

Handsome Gothic revival stone mansion was originally the residence of Col. Richard M. Hoe, inventor of the rotary printing press.

[7d.] New York City Terminal Market, Halleck St. S of Lafayette Ave. 1965. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill.

Spacious facilities for trailer trucks and railroad cars are provided in this new fruit and vegetable wholesale market. A model of SOM efficiency, enhanced by black-painted steel, blue-tinted glass, and occasional walls of carmine red brick.

[7e.] Drake Park, Hunts Point and Oakpoint Aves.

This small park contains the graves of poet Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820), members of the Hunt family, and other early settlers.

[8a.] Former Ebling Brewery, St. Ann's Ave. and E. 156th St.

These old brick buildings are now a hothouse of small industries, including several garment factories, machine shops, a *paella*-pot factory, and a pizza oven manufacturer who uses the beer-cooling caves as a warehouse.

Student Reading #2

Planning for Change
3/1/68
S-N-Y-1

SONGS OF NEW YORKERS

#1. "WHERE DO YOU COME FROM"

Sung by Jon Lind
First Verse: traditional
Second Verse: words by Josh White

Where do you come from, and where do you go, where do you come from, my cotton eyed Joe.

Well if it hadn't been for Cotton Eyed Joe, I'd have been married a long time ago.

Repeat first verse.

#2 "ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES"

Sung by Odetta (recording)
Traditional Southern Lullaby

Sung by a slave who had to care and comfort white children while her own child lay out in the field unattended, without care.

Hushabye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleep little baby;
When you awake,
You shall have
All the pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays,
Dapples and Grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hushabye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

Hushabye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby;
Way down yonder
In the meadow,
There's a poor little lambie.

The bees and the butterflies
Pickin' out his eyes,
The poor little thing cries "Mammy!"
Hushabye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

#3 "EYDER ICH LEYG MICH SCHLOFN

Sung by Jon Lind
Traditional Yiddish Folk Song
English Words: Ruth Rubin

Eyder ich leyg mich shlofn
Darf ich shoyn oyfshteyn.
Mit mayne kranke beyner
Tsu der arbet geyn.

No sooner to bed,
My bones full of pain,
Then I must rise
To work again

To the Lord I will weep,
To the Lord I will cry,
Why was I born
A seamstress, why?

#3 (cont'd)

Tsu got vel ich veyen
Mit a groys geveyn.
Vos ich bin geboyrn
A neytorin tsu zayn.

#4 "SHE DIDN'T DANCE"

Sung by Mary O'Hara (recording)
Traditional Irish Lullaby
arranged and adapted by Mary O'Hara

She didn't dance, dance, dance,
She didn't dance at all today.
She didn't dance, dance, dance,
Nor on yesterday

Dancin' up and up and up and up,
And dancin' up in the sky,
Dancin' up and up and up and up,
And she'll be down bye-bye.

She was like a lady;
She was like a queen;
She was like a lady
After the fair had been.

Dancin' up and up and up and up
etc.

#5 "TIMES ARE GETTIN' HARD, BOYS"

Sung by John Lind
Traditional southern, depression
song, collected by Lee Hays.

Times are gettin' herd, boys,
Money's gettin' scarce.
If times don't get no better, boys,
I'm bound to leave this place.

Take my true love by the hand,
(and) lead her from this land.
Say goodbye to everyone,
Goodbye to everyone.

#6 "LEAVE HER JOHNNY, LEAVE HER"

Sung by students at The Fieldston
School (recording)
Traditional sea shanty.

Now the times were hard, and the wages were low,
Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
And now once more, ashore we'll go,
Chorus: It's time for us to leave her.
Refrain: Leave her, Johnny, leave her. Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her. For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow, And it's time for us to leave her.

Show would not wear, and she would not stay,
Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
She shipped great seas both night and day,
Chorus: And it's time for us to leave her.

It was rotten meat and weevily bread.
Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Eat it or starve, the old man said,
Chorus: And it's time for us to leave her.

#6 (cont'd)

Oh the winds were foul and the work was hard,
Chorus:
From Liverpool dock to the Brooklyn yard,
Chorus:

Now it's time for us to say goodbye,
Chorus:
The old pierhead is drawing neigh,
Chorus:

#7 "ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES" Sung by Odetta

(see song # 2)

#8 "TAKE THIS HAMMER" Sung by Odetta (recording)
Chain gang and work song.

Take this hammer,
Carry it to the captain;
Take this hammer,
Carry it to the captain;
Take this hammer,
Carry it to the captain;
Tell'm I'm gone, buddy,
Tell'm I'm gone.

If he asks you,
Was I running;
(three times)
Tell'm I was flying, buddy,
Tell'm I was flying.

I don't want your
Cold Iron shackles;
(three times)
Hurts my legs, buddy,
Hurts my legs.

If he asks you
Was I laughing;
(three times)
Tell'm I'm crying, buddy,
Tell'm I'm crying.

I don't want your
Corn bread and molasses;
(three times)
Hurts my pride, buddy,
Hurts my pride.

#9 "HE HAD A LONG CHAIN ON" Sung by Odetta (recording)
Words & music by Jimmy Driftwood.

This song is based on a story told to Jimmy Driftwood by an old man who had once been a slave.

He had a long chain on
He had a long chain on
He had a long chain on.

#9 (cont'd)

One night as I lay on my pillow,
Moonlight bright as the dawn,
I saw a man come a walkin',
He had a long chain on.

I heard the chains a-clanckin',
It made a mournful sound,
Weighted around his body,
Draggin' along the ground.

Refrain:
He had a long chain on,
He had a long chain on,
He had a long chain on.

He stood beside my window,
Looked at me and he said,
"I am tired and hungry,
Give me some of your bread."

He didn't look like a robber,
He didn't look like a theif;
His voice was soft as the moonlight,
Face full of sorrow and greif.

Refrain:

I went into my kitchen,
Fetched him a bowl full of meat,
A drink and a pan of cold biscuits,
That's what I gave him to eat.

Though he was tired and hungry,
(A) bright light came over his face.
He bowed his head in the moonlight,
He said a beautiful grace.

Refrain:

I grabbed my hammer and chissel,
Offered to set him free.
He looked at me and said softly,
"I guess we had let it be."

When he had finished his supper, (He)
Thanked me again and again.
Though it's been years sisnce I
saw him, (I) still hear him draggin'
his chain.

Refrain

#10 "THE PRATIES THEY GROW SMALL

Sung by Mary O'Hara (recording
Traditional Irish, song of the
potato famines, 1846-1848.

O the praties they are small, over here,
over here.
O the praties they are small, over here.
O the praties they are small
And we ate them skin and all,
From the spring until the fall, over
here.

O I wish that we were geese, night and
more, night and morn.
O I wish that we were geese, night and
morn.
O I wish that we were geese,
Then we all cound be a peace,
Til the time of our decease, eatin'
corn.

Repeat first verse.

Other verses not sung on the record,
collected by John A. Scott, in
"The Ballad of America" Bantam,
NP 154.

O I wish that we were geese, night
and morn, night and morn.
O I wish that we were geese, (night
and morn),
For they fly and take their ease,
And they live and die in peace,
over here, over here.

O we're trampled in the dust, over
here, over here,
O we're trampled in the dust (over
here),
But the Lord in whom we trust,
Will give us crum for crust, over
here, over here.

#11 MRS. McGRATH

Sung by Jon Lind
Traditional Irish

Irish protest song, dating back to the Napoleanic wars. Irish youths were impressed into the Armies of England to fight for the King.

"Now Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said,
"Would you like to make a soldier out
of your son Ted?
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat,
Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like
that?"

Chorus: With a too-ri-ay
Foldi-rid-dle-ay,
Oo-ri-roo-ri-oo-ri-ay.

So Mrs. McGrath live by the seashore
For the space of seven long years or
more,
Till a great big ship come a-sailing in
the bay,
"O, its my son Ted who's been so long
away."

Chorus.

"O Captain dear, where have you
been,
Have you been a-sailing on the
Mediterreen?
And have you news of my son Ted,
Is the poor boy living, or is he
dead?"

Chorus

Then up stepped Ted without any
legs,
And in their place were two wodden
pegs;
She kissed him a dozen times or two,
"Holy Moses, it isn't you."

Chorus

#11 (cont'd)

"O were you drunk, or were you blink,
When you left your two find legs
behind:
Or was it from walking on the seas,
Took your two fine legs away at the
knees?"

Chorus.

I wasn't drunk, and I wasn't blind,
When I left my two fine lege behind;
But a cannon ball on the fifth of May
Tore my two fine legs at the knee away."

Chorus.

"Teddy my dear," the widow cried,
"Your two fine legs were your
mother's pride;
These two stumps of tree won't do
at all,
Why didn't you flee from the big
cannon ball?"

Chorus.

All foreign wars I do proclaim
Against Napolean and the King of
Spain;
And by heaven, I'll make them rue
the time,
When they took the legs from a child
of mine,"

Chorus.

#17 THE FAUCETS ARE DRIPPING

Sung by Pete Seger (recording)
Words & music by Malvina Reynolds

Chorus: The faucets are dripping in old New York City, The faucets are dripping and, oh, what a pity, The reservoir's drying because it's supplying The faucets that drip in New York.

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer, He'd rather you'd move than to put in a washer, The faucets are dripping, they sound in my ears, The tap in the bathroom's been running for years.

There's a wild streak of green in the sink in the kitchen, It comes from the rill trickling out of the plumbing, The streams from the mountains, the pools from the lea, All run from my faucet and down to the sea.

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer, You can't ask the landlord to mend the old stairs, He takes in the rent and he lives in Miami, Where the faucets don't drip and there's sun everywhere.

The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content, With every new tenant he raises the rent, The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry, There's a shortage of housing, you'll live there or die.

They're building some buildings and New Lincoln Centers Its sure working hell with the low income renters, They're packed into rocms with the rat and the fly, Where the faucets all drip and the floors never dry.

Repeat Chorus.

#16 NEW YORK CITY

Sung by Leadbelly
Words & music by Leadbelly

I'm in New York City but I know my line
New York City yest I'm hard to find

Chorus: New York City, wooo, ain't that a city
New York City, baby I got to know my line.

It's one thing folks I ask you to do
Catch a bus and ride up 5th Avenue

Chorus.

When you ride that bus keep it on your mind
Ride that bus its sure gonna cost you a dime

Chorus.

When it 'gan to get cloudy, looked like rain
Step out side and catch you a subway train

Chorus.

Ever go down to Georgia, gonna walk and talk
And tell everybody bout the city of New York.

Chorus.

Go down to Louisiana, gonna walk and tell
Standin' on top a tower here and it's called the El

Chorus.

Trains under ground, and they won't keep still
Gonna catch me a train and ride to Sugar Hill.

Chorus.

#18 MY DIRTY STREAM

Sung by Pete Seger (recording)
Words & music by Pete Seger

Sailing down my dirty stream
Still I love it and I'll keep the dream
That some day tho' maybe not this year
My Hudson River will once again run clear

It starts high in the mountains of the north
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come.

At Glens Falls five thousand honest hands
Work at the Consolidated Paper Plant
Five million gallons of waste a day
Why should we do it any other way?

Down the valley one million toilet chains
Find my Hudson so convient place to drain
And each little city says, "Who me?
Do you think that sewage plants come free?"

Out in the ocean they say the water's clear
But I live right at Beacon here
Half way between the mountains and the sea
Tacking to and fro this thought returns to me

Well it's sailing up my dirty stream.
Still I love it and I'll dream
That some day though maybe not this year
My Hudson River and my country will run clear.

#19 TO BE A MAN

Sung by Jon Lind
Words & music by Len Chandler

Don't wade in muddy water if you can't swim,
The snags and holes make chances slim,
If you can't swim, don't wade at all;
Why stub your toe, why risk a fall.

Chorus: The water's clear, and the bottom's sand,
To swim the sea, to walk the land,
The great design, the master plan,
To be a man.

If you give a boy, just half a chance,
He might become just half a man,
If you stunt his growth, and keep him small,
Then he'll become no man at all.

Chorus: But give him room, and let him go,
The land is good, and a man must grow,
The great design, the master plan
To be a man.

Now here's that ladder now, come lets climb,
The first rung, its yours, the rest are mine;
Well, I can climb till I reach the top,
"You can climb one rung, they say,
And then must stop."

Chorus: But my arms have power, and my heart has pride,
With this bottom rung, I'm not satisfied;
Well, I'll climb up, or I'll shake you down,
I fear no fall, I'm on the ground,
It's nature's law, it's God's command,
Man must be free on sea and land,
To be a man.

#20 GOD BLESS THE GRASS

Sung by students at the Fieldston School, Riverdale, N.Y. (recording)
Words & music by Malvina Reynolds

God bless the grass
That grows thru the crack,
They roll the concrete over it
To try and keep it back
The concrete gets tired of what it has to do,
It breaks and it buckles
And the grass grows thru,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the truth
That fights towards the sun.
They roll the lies over it
And think that it is done.
It moves thru the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it is growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

#20 (cont'd)

God bless the grass
That grows thru cement.
It's green and it's tender
And it's easily bent.
But after a while it lifts up its head,
For the grass is living and
The stone is dead,
And God bless the grass

God bless the grass
That's gentle and low.
Its roots they are deep
And its will is to grow,
And God bless the truth,
The friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the
poor man's door,
And God bless the grass.

ED 069621

PLANNING FOR CHANGE

-a book about New York City,
and how to change it. By

Name _____ Room _____

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Helped by C. Richard Hatch Associates, Inc.
for the Center for Urban Education

INTRODUCTION

This is a book about New York City and the people who live in it. All kinds of people from all kinds of places.

Who are you? Where did you come from?

My name is _____

I live at _____ Street _____ Borough

I was born in _____

I like it here because _____

_____

_____

I wish my neighborhood had _____

_____

_____

My neighborhood is called _____

The City changes a lot and it changes fast. How much do you know about your part of New York? How much do you know about making things change for the better?

Everybody's neighborhood has <u>something</u> wrong with it--and some are worse than others, just as some people get more done than others. Let's read about some people who had a neighborhood problem and found an answer:

After World War II, many of the old residents left the city. Salaries were high and work was easy to get so many families bought cars and moved out to newer suburbs where there were better houses and schools and more parks.

At the same time, because of poverty and segregation, many Puerto Ricans and Southern Negroes left their homes and headed for New York, hoping to find freedom and good jobs. They poured into old neighborhoods because the older housing was rent controlled and cheap and the areas seemed a little bit familiar to them with so many other people from the South and Puerto Rico already living there.

Some found good jobs and good apartments, but most found that without skills and education, they could only afford to live in a slum and fight the rats. Landlords, knowing that the new families didn't know their legal rights, cut off services and raised rents when they could. The buildings got worse because the people in them were poor and the City gave the neighborhood less and less help. The schools were often run down. The parks were not kept up and became full of winos and the streets were dangerous. There was no place to play and no decent jobs to be found.

The people noticed that even the streets were getting dirtier and the police were hard to find. It seemed that the rest of the City had just given up on the neighborhood and had decided to pay no attention to the problems.

Some of the people decided to fight back. At the beginning, it was only a few--a truck driver, a couple of housewives, an ex-junkie and a schoolteacher.

They looked around the neighborhoods where the people were better off. There they found new schools, clean streets, good houses and all the things their neighborhood didn't have. They found out something else too. The people in the better neighborhoods had <u>fought</u> for what they had. And they went to City Hall often to tell the politicans what they needed.

They decided to start by letting the whole neighborhood know how bad things were where they lived and how much better things were where other people lived. They got the school kids and the teenagers and they did a survey. They let everybody know about the housing laws that were being broken and about the city government agencies that were supposed to clean their parks and streets.

More people joined after the children told them the way it really was in the neighborhood. They went to City Hall to complain to the Mayor, but the Mayor, who was sympathetic, said he couldn't do much right then.

They didn't give up. They read the housing laws and took landlords to court. They got some buildings fixed up and more people joined the movement.

They worked hard. They knew the neighborhood from the surveys the teenagers had done and from just living in it. They had good ideas about what to do to train local people for jobs and to improve the housing.

They read up on planning. They had dozens of meetings with all of the people in the neighborhood. They studied the houses to see which ones could be rehabilitated and which ones would have to be torn down. They found out how many families were overcrowded and how many had more rooms than they needed. They checked carefully to see how much rent each family could pay.

They looked around and found that there were thousands of kids in the neighborhood. That meant they needed a new playground, and they found a place for it on a block full of vacant lots. Then they drew up their plan. This time the Mayor and the Borough President listened more carefully. Not only did they have good ideas, but they had a lot of neighborhood people behind them. Maybe if they didn't get some action, they would vote for somebody else next election.

Letters began appearing in the big newspapers saying that the neighborhood needed City help. More local meetings were called to talk about action. The Mayor and the Board gave in. The neighborhood was promised some new housing, a new park and a school.

And suddenly one day the streets were better cleaned and the park was getting a new fence and some basketball courts.

How did they get their new houses and their new park? They got them by planning together.

First they surveyed their neighborhood and got to know all the good and bad things in it very well. Then they made plans to change the bad things. Then they got together and talked to the people who are responsible for running the City--the Mayor, the Borough President and the Councilman.

And that is just what you are going to do! But first we are going to find out why people came to New York City. Do you know already?

This is the first part of this book. Everytime you get another part, put it with this and soon you will have made your own book.

WHY DID PEOPLE MOVE TO THE CITY?

Between 1900 and 1922 many thousnads of Negro people left their homes in the South. They left states like Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama because life was very bad. Negroes were lynched and kept from earning a decent living and from getting good schooling. Negro men worked very hard but were paid almost nothing for their work. They could not support their families.

In 1917 the United States got into the First World War. Many guns and uniforms and other supplies had to be made and so factories were built in the big cities like New York and Chicago. These factories needed workers and they offered to pay the transportation costs of Negroes who would come to Chicago and New York to work. They put advertisements in the newspapers which many southern Negroes read.

The Negroes read the advertisements and wanted to get away from the bad conditions in the South. Here and three letters that were actually written by Negroes who had read the advertisements and wanted to travel north for better jobs.

> Sir: I was reading in theat paper about the Colored race and while reading it I seen in it where cars would be here for the 15 of May which is one month from to day. Will you be so kind as to let me know where they are coming to and I will be glad to know because I am a poor woman and have a husband and five children living and three dead one single and two twin girls six months old today and my husband can hardly make bread for them in Mobile. This is my native home but it is not fit to live in just as the Chicago Defender says it says the truth and my husband only get $1.50 a day and pays $7.50 a month for house rent and can hardly feed me and his self and children. I am the mother of 8 childrne 25 years old and I want to get out of this dog hold because I don't know what I am raising them up for in this place and I want to get to Chicago where I

know they will be raised and my husband crazy to get there because he know he can get more to raise his children and will you please let me know where the cars is going to stop to so that he can come where he can take care of me and my children. He get there a while and then he can send for me. I heard they wasn't coming here so I sent to find out and he can go and meet them at the place they are going and go from there to Chicago. No more at present. hoping to hear from you soon from your needed and worried friend

Mobile, Ala., April 25, 1917*

Dear Editor: I am a reader of the Defender and I am aske-so much about the great Northern drive on the 15th of May. We want more understanding about it for there is a great many wants to get ready for that day & the depot agents never gives us any satisfaction when we ask for they dont want us to leave here, I want to ask you to please publish in your next Saturdays paper just what the fair will be on that day so we all will know & can be ready. So many women here are wanting to go that day. They are all working women and we cant get work here so much now, the white women tell us we just want to make money to go North and we do so please kindly ans. this in your next paper if you do I will read it every word in the Defender, had rather read it then to eat when Saturday comes, it is my hearts delight & hope your paper will continue on in the south until every one reads it for it is a God sent blessing to the Race.

Will close with best wishes.

New Orleans, La., 4-23-17

Dear Sir: Please Sir will you kindly tell me what is meant by the Great Northern Drive to take place May the 15th on tuesday. It is a rumor all over town to be ready for the 15th of May to go in the drive. the Defender first spoke of the drive the 10th of February. My husband is in the north already preparing for our family but hearing that the excursion

* Emmett J. Scott, ed., "Letters of Negro Migrants, 1917-1918", Journal of Negro History, II (July 1919) P. 331 f.f.

will be $6.00 from here north on the 15 and having a large family, I could profit by it if it is really true. Do please write me at once and say is there an excursion to leave the south. Nearly the whole of the south is getting ready for the drive or excursion as it is termed. Please write at once. We are sick to get out of the solid south.

WHY DID THE IRISH COME TO THE UNITED STATES?

During the years 1846 to 1848 the potato crop in Ireland was destroyed by disease. For two years there was little to eat and thousands of people died. During the great potato famine one and a half million Irish came to the United States; many of them to New York City.

In the newspaper article below an Irish judge describes the terrible conditions in Ireland:

> I entered some of the hovels...In the first, six famished and gastly skeletons, to all appearances dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horsecloth, their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. ...they were in fever, four children, a woman, and what had once been a man... In another ...I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant just born in her arms and her only clothing the remains of a filthy sack - the sole covering of herself and her baby. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying upon the mud floor, half devoured by rats.
>
> from the London Times, December 24, 1846

What would you have done if you had seen what the writer did?

Reading from W. E. DuBois "Of the Quest of the Golden Fleece"

HOMES IN THE RURAL SOUTH IN 1900

> The size and arrangements of a people's homes are an index of their condition. All over the face of the South there is the one-room cabin--now standing in the shadow of the Big House, now staring at the dusty road, now rising dark and sombre amid the green of cotton fields. It is nearly always old and bare, built of rough boards, and neither plastered nor ceiled. Light and air are supplied by a single door and by the square hole in the wall with its wooden shutter. There is no glass, porch, or decoration without. Within is a fireplace, black and smoky and usually unsteady with age. A bed or two, a table, a wooden chest, and a few chairs make up all the furniture. Now and then one may find a cabin kept very neat, with merry steaming fireplace and hospitable door; but the majority are dirty and dilapidated, smelling of eating and sleeping, poorly ventilated, and anything but homes.
>
> Above all, the cabins are crowded. We have come to associate crowding with homes in cities almost exclusively. This is because we have so little knowledge of country life. In the South one may find families of eight and ten occupying one or two rooms. The worst tenements in New York do not have above twenty-two persons for every ten rooms. Of course, one small, close room in a city without a yard, is in many ways worse than the larger single country room. In other ways it is better; it has glass windows, a decent chimney, and a trustworthy floor. The single great advantage of the Negro peasant is that he may spend most of his life outside his hovel, in open fields.

Have you seen houses like this? Where? Would you like to move to another place to make your life better? What would the place be like?

"How the Other Half Lives" in 1890 by Jacob Riis

The "other half" means the poor. Jacob Riis wrote about New York at the time when many immigrants were coming from Eurpoe. Almost all arrived poor and were forced to crowd into tenements.

> The Irishman is the true cosmopolitan immigrant. All pervading, he shares his lodging with perfect impartiality with the Italian, the Greek, and the "Dutchman," yielding only to sheer force of numbers, and objects equally to them all. A map of the city, colored to designate nationalities, would show more stripes than on the skin of a zebra, and more colors than any rainbow. The city on such a map would fall into two great halves, green for the Irish prevailing in the West Side tenement districts, and blue for the Germans on the East Side. But intermingled with these ground colors would be an odd variety of tints that would give the whole the appearance of an extraordinary crazy-quilt. From down in the Sixth Ward, upon the site of the old Collect Pond that in the days of the fathers drained the hills which are no more, the red of the Italian would be seen forcing its way northward along the line of Mulberry Street to the quarter of the French purple on Bleeker Street and South Fifth Avenue, to lose itself and reappear, after a lapse of miles, in the "Little Italy" of Harlem, east of Second Avenue. Dashes of red, sharply defined, would be seen strung through the Annexed District, northward to the city line. On the West Side the red would be seen overrunning the old Africa of Thompson Street, pushing the black of the Negro rapidly uptown, against querulous but unavailing protests, occupying his home, his church, his trade and all, with merciless impartiality. There is a church in Mulberry Street that has stood for two generations as a sort of milestone of these migrations. Built originally for the worship of staid New Yorkers of the "old stock," it was engulfed by the colored tide, when the draft-riots drove the Negroes out of reach of Cherry Street and the Five Points. Within the past decade the advance wave of the Italian onset reached it, and to-day the arms of United Italy adorn its front.

The Negroes have made a stand at several points along Seventh and Eighth Avenues; but their main body, still pursued by the Italian foe, is on the march yet, and the black mark will be found overshadowing to-day many blocks on the East Side, with One Hundreth Street as the centre, where colonies of them have settled recently.

Hardly less aggressive than the Italian, the Russian and Polish Jew, having overrun the district between Rivington and Division Streets, east of the Bowery to the point of suffocation, is filling the tenements of the old Seventh Ward to the river front, and disputing with the Italian every foot of available space in the back alleys of Mulberry Street. The two races, differing hopelessly in much, have this in common: they carry their slums with them wherever they go, if allowed to do it. Little Italy already rivals its parent, the "Bend," in foulness. Other nationalities that begin at the bottom make a fresh start when crowded up the ladder. Happily both are manageable, the one by rabbinical, the other by the civil law. Between the dull gray of the Jew, his favorite color, and the Italian red, would be seen squeezed in on the map a sharp streak of yellow, marking the narrow boundaries of Chinatown. Dovetailed in with the German population, the poor but thrifty Bohemian might be picked out by the sombre hue of his life as of his philosophy, struggling against heavy odds in the big human bee-hives of the East Side. Colonies of his people extend northward, with long lapses of space, from below the Cooper Institute more than three miles. The Bohemian is the only foreigner with any considerable representation in the city who counts no wealthy man of his race, none who has not to work hard for a living or has got beyond the reach of the tenement.

Down near the Battery the West Side emerald would be soiled by a dirty stain, spreading rapidly like a splash of ink on a sheet of blotting paper, headquarters of the Arab tribe, that in a single year has swelled from the original dozen to twelve hundred, intent, every mother's son, on trade and barter. Dots and dashes of color here and there would show where the Finnish sailors worship their djumala (God), the Greek pedlars the ancient name of their race, and

> the Swiss the goddess of thrift. And so on to the end of the long register, all toiling together in the galling fetters of the tenement.

Poverty was so bad that many little boys of eleven or twelve left home to live in the streets. Jacob Riis wrote about these boys 75 years ago.

> Anyone, whom business or curiosity has taken through Park Row or across Printing House Square in the midnight hour, when the air is filled with the roar of great presses spinning with printer's ink on endless rolls of white paper the history of the world in the twenty-four hours that have just passed away, has seen little groups of these boys hanging about the newspaper offices; in winter, when snow is on the streets, fighting for warm spots around the grated vent-holes that let out the heat and steam from the underground press-rooms with their noise and clatter, and in summer playing craps and 7-11 on the curb for their hard-earned pennies with all the absorbing concern of hardened gamblers. This is their beat. Here the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children finds those he thinks too young for "business," but does not always capture them. Like rabbits in their burrows, the little ragamuffins sleep with at least one eye open, and every sense alert to the approach of danger: of their enemy, the policeman, whose chief business in life is to move them on, and of the agent bent on robbing them of their cherished freedom. At the first warning shout they scatter and are off. To pursue them would be like chasing the fleet-footed mountain goat in his rocky fastnesses. There is not an open door, a hidden turn or runway which they do not know, with lots of secret passages and short cuts no one else ever found. To steal a march on them is the only way. There is a coal chute from the sidewalk to the boiler-room in the sub-cellar of the Post Office which the Society's officer found the boys had made into a sort of toboggan slide to a snug berth in wintry weather. They used to slyly raise the cover in the street, slide down in single file, and snuggle up to the warm boiler out of harm's way, as they thought. It proved a trap, however. The agent slid down himself one cold night - there was no other way of getting there - and, landing right in the midst

of the sleeping colony, had it at his mercy. After repeated raids upon their headquarters, the boys forsook it last summer, and were next found herding under the shore-end of one of the East River banana docks, where they had fitted up a regular club-room that was shared by thirty or forty homeless boys and about a million rats.

Planning for Change
3/1/68
W-L-1

Name _____

THIS IS WHERE I LIVE

Look at the picture below. It is a picture of the house I live in.

The kind of building I live in is:

[ ] a brownstone
[ ] an old law tenement
[ ] a new law tenement
[ ] an elevator building
[ ] a project house

MY BLOCK

This is a picture of the block I live on. The names of the kinds of buildings on my block are here. My block is _____.

The things I like about my block are _____

_____

_____

The things I want to change on my block are _____

_____

_____

A STORY ABOUT MY HOUSE

Tell us something about the house you live in. You may want to answer some of these questions in your story.

1. What kind of a house do you live in? (brownstone, old or new law tenement, elevator building, project)
2. What is the address of your house?
3. How many rooms do you have in your apartment?
4. What rooms in your house are sunny?
5. What rooms in your house are dark?
6. Do you play in the backyard?
7. Do you play in the street?
8. How many people live in your apartment?
9. Is your house on the corner or in the middle of the block?
10. Is there a store under your apartment house? What kind?
11. How would you change your house if you could?

Write your story on the lines below. Remember to use full sentences. (Do not say either "yes" or "elevator building.") You may tell anything about the house you live in that you want.

A STORY ABOUT MY HOUSE by (name) _____

Planning for Change
3/1/68
H-N-Y 1

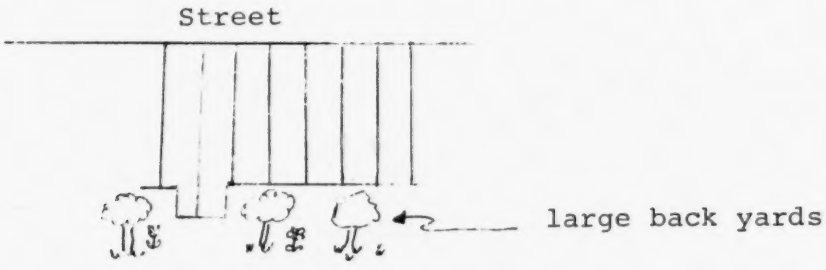
NAME_____

THE HOUSES OF NEW YORK CITY

Brownstones

Brownstones began to be built in 1860 for rich families. One family lived in the house, which had four or five stories. You can tell a brownstone on your map because there is usually space for a nice big yard. Brownstones are narrow. There were usually only two or three rooms on each floor, one behind the other. Now, brownstones are cut up into separate apartments. Sometimes five or more families live in one brownstone.

Here is a picture of what a brownstone would look like on your neighborhood maps.



Can you answer these questions?

1. When did brownstones begin to be built?_____

2. What is another word for "story"?_____

3. How many families used to live in one brownstone when they were first built?_____

4. How can you tell a brownstone on your map?_____

_____

5. Today, how many families live in one brownstone?_____

_____

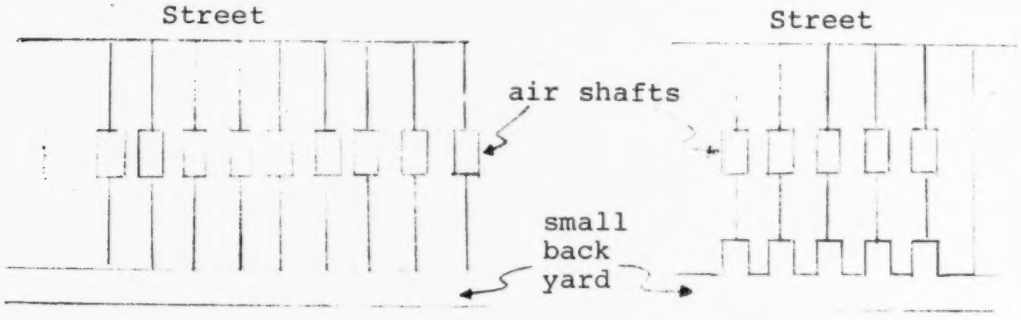
6. Look on your map. Can you find any brownstones? If you can, where are they?_____

_____

Old Law Tenements

Old Law Tenements were built in this city before 1901. They are usually five stories high. They have stairs -- no elevators -- which is why they are called "walk-ups." Old law tenements have an air shaft. An air shaft is a small opening in the middle of the building which was supposed to let in light. However, many of the rooms in the old law tenements have very little light and sun because they look out on the air shaft which is very narrow -- almost too narrow to let in any light at all. In 1900, the city made a law that said that there could be no more buildings with only tiny air shafts. There is hardly any backyard in old law tenements.

Here is a picture of what an old law tenement might look like on your neighborhood maps. Remember, many families can live in an old law tenement.



See if you can answer these questions.

1. When were old law tenements built?_____

2. How high are these buildings?_____

3. Why are they called "walk-ups"?_____

4. What is an air shaft?_____

_____

5. Why were many of the rooms dark?_____

_____

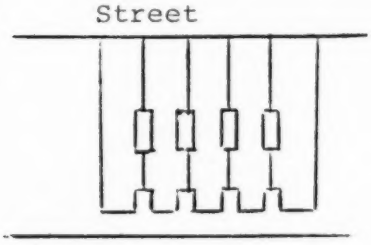
6. Did the city think this was a good kind of building to live in? How do you know?_____

_____

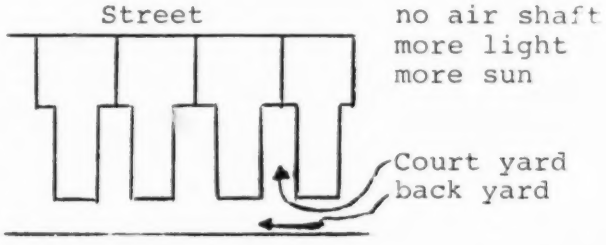
_____

New Law Tenements

New law tenements were built after 1901 when the city passed a new law saying that there could be no more buildings with only tiny airshafts. They are just like the old law tenements except that they do not have the airshaft. All new law tenements have open courts which open to a backyard. There is much more light and sun in the rooms of a new law tenement. In this picture you can see the difference between a new law tenement and an old law tenement as it would appear on your maps.



Old Law Tenement



New Law Tenement

Many of the apartments in the new law tenements were divided into two apartments. People need to have two stair cases in case of fire, so many of the new law tenements have fire escapes on the front of the building and on the back of the building. Both the old and new law tenements were built for the immigrants who came to the United States after 1880.

Something to think about --

1. Look on your map. Do you find any old law tenements?

   Where?_____

   _____

2. Do you find any new law tenements on your map? Where?_____

   _____

   _____

3 How was the new law tenement different form the old law tenement?_____

   _____

   _____

4. Why did people build old and new law tenements for the many immigrants who came to this country instead of building brownstones?_____

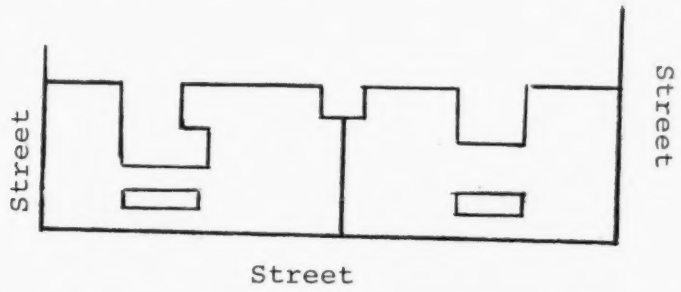
_____

_____

Elevator Buildings

Elevator buildings began to be built after 1890. They are much wider than brownstones or tenements. Since these buildings have elevators, they can be built much taller than tenements or brownstones. Often, elevator buildings are 12 stories high or even taller. Elevator buildings are often built on the corners of the street where they can have windows in the front, the back, and on one or two sides.

Here is a picture of what one kind of an elevator building would look like on your map.



Some food for thought --

1. What are some differences between an elevator building, and the brownstones and old and new law tenements?_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Look on your map. do you see any elevator buildings? Where?_____

_____

3. Could more people live in an elevator building than a tenement? Why?_____

_____

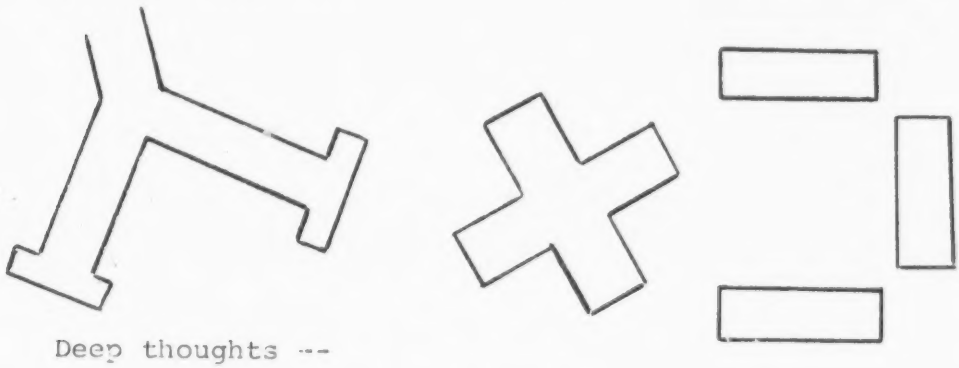
4. Do you think there would be more or less light in an elevator building than in a tenement or brownstone? Why?

_____

_____

Project Houses

The first project house was built by the city of New York in 1937, just over thirty years ago. They are usually 12 to 16 stories high. There is lots of sun, light and air in project houses. Look at this picture of the projects as they would appear on your maps and see if you can tell why.



Deep thoughts --

1. Why do you think there is much sun and air in project houses? _____

   _____

2. Look on your map. See if you can find any projects. Where are they? _____

   _____

3. If there were a great many people who needed homes in the city, what kind of houses would you build for them? Tell why. _____

   _____

   _____

4. How much rent would you charge? How would you keep it low? _____

   _____

   _____

GROWING UP IN NEW YORK CITY

Growing up in El Barrio from Down These Mean Streets by Piri Thomas

Piri Thomas, son of Puerto Rican parents, was born and brought up in East Harlem. He published his life story in 1967 and is now working on another book. This is a part of his story. Can you figure out the Spanish words? How was Piri Thomas' life like yours?

Prologue

Yee-ah!! Wanna know how many times I've stood on a rooftop and yelled out to anybody:

"Hey, World--here I am. Hallo, World--this is Piri. That's me.
"I wanna tell ya I'm here. I'm here, and I want recognition, whatever that word means."

Man! How many times have I stood on the rooftop of my broken-down building at night and watched the bulb-lit world below.
Like somehow it's different at night, this my Harlem.
There ain't no bright sunlight to reveal the stark naked truth of garbage-lepered streets.
Gone is the drabness and hurt, covered by a friendly night.
It makes clean the dirty-faced kids.

This is a bright mundo, my street, my barrio de noche,
With its thousands of lights, hundreds of millions of colors
Mingling with noises, swinging street sounds of cars and curses,
Sounds of joys and sobs that make music.
If anyone listens real close, he can hear its heart beat--

YEE-AH! I feel like part of the shadows that make company for me in this warm amigo darkness.
I am "My Majesty Piri Thomas," with a high on anything and like a stoned king, I gotta survey my kingdom.
I'm a skinny, dark-faced, curly-haired, intense Porty-Ree-can--
Unsatisfied, hoping, and always reaching.

I got a feeling of aloneness and a bitterness that's growing and growing
Day by Day into some kind of hate without un nombre.
Yet when I look down at the streets below, I can't help thinking
It's like a great big dirty Christmas tree with lights but no presents.

And man, my head starts growing bigger than my body as it gets crammed full of hate.
And I begin to listen to the sounds inside of me.
Get angry, get hating angry, and you won't be scared.
What have you got now? Nothing.
What will you ever have? Nothing
...Unless you cop for yourself!

Puerto Rican Paradise

Poppa didn't talk to me that day. Soon he didn't talk much to anyone. He lost his night job--I forget why, probably it was worth forgetting--and went back on home relief. It was 1941, and the Great Hunger called Depression was still down on Harlem.

But there was still the good old WPA. If a man was poor enough, he could dig a ditch for the government. Now Poppa was poor enough again.

The weather turned cold one more time, and so did our apartment. In the summer the cooped-up apartments in Harlem seem to catch all the heat and improve on it. It's the same in the winter. The cold, plastered walls embrace that cold from outside and make it a part of the apartment, till you don't know whether it's better to freeze out in the snow or by the stove, where four jets, wide open, spout futile, blue-yellow flames. It's hard on the rats, too.

Snow was falling. "My Cristo," Momma said, "qué frio. Doesn't that landlord have any corazón? Why don't he give more heat?" I wondered how Pops was making out working a pick and shovel in that falling snow.

Momma picked up a hammer and began to beat the beat-up radiator that's copped a plea from so many beatings. Poor steam radiator, how could it give out heat when it was freezing itself? The hollow sounds Momma beat out of it brought echoes from other freezing people in the building. Everybody picked up the beat and it seemed a crazy, good idea. If everybody took turns beating on the radiators, everybody could keep warm from the exercise.

We drank hot cocoa and talked about summertime. Momma talked about Puerto Rico and how great it was, and how she'd like to go back one day, and how it was warm all the time there and no matter how poor you were over there, you could always live on green bananas, bacalao, and rice and beans. "Dios mio," she said, "I don't think I'll ever see my island again."

"Sure you will, Mommie," said Miriam, my kid sister. She was eleven. "Tell us, tell us all about Porto Rico."

"It's not Porto Rico, it's Puerto Rico," said Momma.

"Tell us, Moms," said nine-year-old James, "about Puerto Rico."

"Yeah, Mommie," said six-year-old José.

Even the baby, Paulie, smiled.

Moms copped that wet-eyed look and began to dream-talk about her isla verde, Moses' land of milk and honey.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "I remember the getting up in the morning and getting the water from the river and getting the wood for the fire and the quiet of the greenlands and the golden color of the morning sky, the grass wet from the lluvia...Ai, Dios, the coquis and the pajaritos making all the música..."

"Mommie, were you poor?" asked Miriam.

"Si, muy pobre, but very happy. I remember the hard work and the very little bit we had, but it was a good little bit. It counted very much. Sometimes when you have too much, the good gets lost within and you have to look very hard. But when you have a little, then the good does not have to be looked for so hard."

"Moms," I asked, "did everybody love each other--I mean, like if everybody was worth somethings, not like if some weren't important because they were poor--you know what I mean?"

"Bueno hijo, you have people everywhere who, because they have more, don't remember those who have very little. But in Puerto Rico those around you share la pobreza with you and they love you, because only poor people can understand poor people. I like los Estados Unidos, but it's sometimes a cold place to live--not because of the winter and the landlord not giving heat but because of the snow in the hearts of the people."

"Moms, didn't our people have any money or land?" I leaned forward, hoping to hear that my ancestors were noble princes born in Spain.

"Your grandmother and grandfather had a lot of land, but they lost that."

"How come, Moms?"

"Well, in those days there was nothing of what you call contratos, and when you bought or sold something, it was on your word and a handshake, and that's the way your abuelos bought their land and then lost it."

"Is that why we ain't got nuttin' now?" James asked pointedly.

"Oh, -"

The door opened and put an end to the kitchen yak. It was Poppa coming home from work. He came into the kitchem and brought all the cold with him. Poor Poppa, he looked so lost in the clothes he had on. A jacket and coat, sweaters on top of sweaters, two pairs of long johns, two pairs of pants, two pairs of socks, and a woolen cap. And under all that he was cold. His eyes were cold; his ears were red with pain. He took off his gloves and his fingers were stiff with cold.

"Cómo está?" said Momma. "I will make you coffee."

Poppa said nothing. His eyes were running hot frozen tears. He worked his fingers and rubbed his ears, and the pain made him make faces. "Get me some snow, Piri," he said finally.

I ran to the window, opened it, and scooped all the snow on the sill into one big snowball and brought it to him. We all watched in frozen wonder as Poppa took that snow and rubbed it on his ears and hands.

"Gee, Pops, don't it hurt?" I asked.

"Si, but it's good for it. It hurts a little first, but it's good for the frozen parts."

I wondered why.

"How was it today?" Momma asked.

"Cold. My God, ice cold."

Gee, I thought, I'm sorry for you, Pops. You gotta suffer like this.

"It was not always like this," my father said to the cold walls. "It's all the fault of the damn depression."

"Don't say 'damn' Momma said.

"Lola, I say 'damn' because that's what it is - damn."

And Momma kept quiet. She knew it was "damn."

My father kept talking to the walls. Some of the words came out loud, others stayed inside. I caught the inside ones - the damn WPA, the damn depression, the damn home relief, the damn poorness, the damn cold, the damn crummy apartments, the damn look on his damn kids, living so damn damned and his not being able to do a damn thing about it.

And Momma looked at Poppa and at us and thought about her Puerto Rico and maybe being there where you didn't have to wear a lot of extra clothes and feel so full of dames and how when she was a little girl all the green was wet from the lluvias.

And Poppa looking at Momma and us, thinking how did he get trapped and why did he love us so much that he dug in damn snow to give us a piece of chance? And why couldn't hemake it from home, maybe, and keep running?

And Miriam, James, Jose, Paulie, and me just looking and thinking about snowballs and Puerto Rico and summertime in the street and whether we were gonna live like this forever and not know enough to be sorry for ourselves.

In Business

Living in number 109 was snap breeze. I knew pratically everybody on the block and, if I didn't, they knew me. When I went to the barbershop, Jose the barber would ask me, "Shape up or trim?" He liked to trim because in three hot minutes he could earn fifty cents. But I always gave him a hard way to shovel and said, "Give me the works with a square back." "Ay cono," he groaned and started to cut hair and breathe bad breath on me, on spite, while I ignored him on spite.

Just being a kid, nothing different from all the other kids, was good. Even when you slept over at some other kid's house, it was almost like being in your own house. They all had kids, rats, and roaches in common. And life

was full of happy moments - spitting out of tenement windows at unsuspecting people below, popping off with sling shots, or even better, with Red Ryder BB rifles, watching the neighbors fight through their open windows or make love under half-drawn shades.

The good kick in the hot summer was to sleep on the fire escape. Sometimes I lay awake all night and thought about all the things I would do when I grew up, about the nice duds I'd have like a champ uptown and come back around the block and treat all the kids to cuchifritos and pour tons of nickels into the jukebox and help anybody that was in trouble, from a junkie to a priest. I dreamed big; it didn't cost anything.

Seeing Harlem for the First Time: (From the Autobiography of Malcolm X)

Malcolm X was born in Omaha, Nebraska, moved to Lansing, Michigan then to Boston. When he was about 19 he came to Harlem. He loved it, learned a lot about it and tried hard to help the people who live in it. What do you know about him?

Here is what he found out when he came to Harlem. Small's is a famous nightclub in Harlem now owned by Wilt Chamberlain, the basketball player.

"With Small's practically in the center of everything, waiting tables there was Seventh Heaven seven times over. Charlie Small had no need to caution me against being late; I was so anxious to be there, I'd arrive an hour early. I relieved the morning waiter. As far as he was concerned, mine was the slowest, most no-tips time of day, and sometimes he'd stick around most of that hour teaching me things, for he didn't want to see me fired.

Thanks to him, I learned very quickly dozens of little things that could really ingratiate a new waiter with the cooks and bartenders. Both of these, depending on how they liked the waiter, could make his job miserable or plesant - and I meant to become indispensable. Inside of a week, I had succeeded with both. And the customers who had seen me among them around the bar, recognizing me now in the waiter's jacker, were pleased and suprised; and they couldn't have been more friendly. And I couldn't have been more solicitous.

'Another drink?...Right away,sir...Would you like dinner? ...It's very good...Could I get you a menu, sir?...Well, maybe a sandwich?'

Not only the bartenders and cooks, who knew everything about everything, it seemed to me, but even the customers, also began to school me, in little conversations by the bar when I wasn't busy. Sometimes a customer would talk to me as he ate. Sometimes I'd have long talks - absorbing everything

- with the real old-timers, who had been around Harlem since Negroes first came there.

That, in fact, was one of my biggest surprises: that Harlem hadn't always been a community of Negroes.

It first had been a Dutch settlement, I learned. Then began the massive waves of poor and half-starved and ragged immigrants from Europe, arriving with everything they owned in the world in bags and sacks on their backs. The Germans came first; the Dutch edged away from them, and Harlem became all German.

Then came the Irish, running from the potato famine. The Germans ran, looking down their noses at the Irish, who took over Harlem. Next, the Italians; same thing - the Irish ran from them. The Italians had Harlem when the Jews came down the gangplanks - and then the Italians left.

Today, all these same immigrants' descendants are running as hard as they can to escape the descendants of the Negroes who helped to unload the immigrant ships.

I was staggered when old-timer Harlemites told me that while this immigrant musical chairs game had been going on, Negroes had been in New York City since 1683, before any of them came, and had been ghettoed all over the city. They had first been in the Wall Street area; then they were pushed into Greenwich Village. The next shove was up to the Pennsylvania Station area. And then,the last stop before Harlem, the black ghetto was concentrated around 52nd Street, which is how 52nd Street got the Swing Street name and reputation that lasted long after the Negroes were gone.

Then, in 1910, a Negro real estate man somehow got two or three Negro families into one Jewish Harlem apartment house. The Jews flew from that house, then from that block, and more Negroes came in to fill their apartments. Then whole blocks of Jews ran, and still more Negroes came uptown, until in a short time, Harlem was like it still is today - virtually all black.

Then, early in the 1920's, music and entertainment sprang up as an industry in Harlem, supported by downtown whites who poured uptown every night. It all started about the time a tough young New Orleans cornet man named Louis 'Satchmo' Armstrong climbed off a train in New York wearing clodhopper policemen's shoes, and started playing with

Fletcher Henderson. In 1925, Small's Paradise had opened with crowds all across Seventh Avenue; in 1926, the great Cotton Club, where Duke Ellington's band would play for five years; also in 1926 the Savoy Ballroom opened, a whole block front on Lenox Avenue, with a two-hundred-foot dance floor under spotlights before two bandstands and a disappearing rear stage.

Harlem's famous image spread until it swarmed nightly with white people from all over the world. The tourist busses came there. The Cotton Club catered to whites only, and hundreds of other clubs ranging on down to cellar speakeasies catered to white people's money. Some of the best-known were Connie's Inn, the Lenox Club, Barron's, The Nest Club, Jummy's Chicken Shack, and Minton's. The Savoy, the Golden Gate, and the Renaissance ballrooms battled for the crowds - the Savoy introduced such attractions as Thursday Kitchen Mechanics' Nights, bathing beauty contests, and a new car given away each Saturday night. They had bands from all across the country in the ballrooms and the Apollo and Lafayette theaters. They had colorful bandleaders like 'Fess Williams in his diamond-studded suit and top hat, and Cab Calloway in his white zoot suit to end all zoots, and his wide-brimmed white hat and string tie, setting Harlem afire with 'Tiger Rag' and 'hi-de-hi-de-ho' and 'St. James Infirmary' and 'Minnie the Moocher.'

Blacktown crawled with white people, with pimps, prostitutes, bootleggers, with hustlers of all kinds, with colorful characters, and with police and prohibition agents. Negroes danced like they never have anywhere before or since. I guess I must have heard twenty-five of the old-timers in Small's swear to me that they had been the first to dance in the Savoy the 'Lindy Hop,' which was born there in 1927, named for Lindbergh, who had just made his flight to Paris.

Even the little cellar places with only piano space had fabulous keyboard artists such as James P. Johnson and Jelly Roll Morton, and singers such as Ethel Waters. And at four A.M., when all the legitimate clubs had to close, from all over town the white and Negro musicians would come to some prearranged Harlem after-hours spot and have thirty - and forty-piece jam sessions that would last into the next day.

When it all ended with the stock market crash in 1929,

Harlem had a world reputation as America's Casbah. Small's had been a part of all that. There, I heard the old-timers reminisce about all those great times.

Every day I listened raptly to customers who felt like talking and it all added to my education.

THE MAKING OF A NEW YORKER, from "O'Henry's New York"

"Besides many things, Raggles was a poet. He was called a tramp; but that was only an elliptical way of saying that he was a philopspher, an artist, a traveller, a naturalist, and a discover. But most of all he was a poet. In all his life he never wrote a line of verse; he lived his poetry. His Odyssey would have been a Limerick, had it been written. But, to linger with the primary proposition, Raggles was a poet.

Raggle's specialty, had he been driven to ink and paper, would have been sonnets to the cities. He studies cities as women study their reflections in mirrors, as children study the glue and sawdust of a dislocated doll; as the men who write about wild animals study the cages in the zoo. A city to Raggles was not merely a pile of bricks and mortar, peopled by a certain number of inhabitants; it was a thing with soul characteristic and distinct; an individual conglomeration of life, with its own peculiar essence, flavor, and feeling. Two thousand miles to the north and south, east and west, Raggles wandered in poetic fervor, taking the cities to his breast. He footed it on dusty roads, or sped magnificently in freight cars, counting time as of no account. And when he had found the heart of a city and listened to its secret confession, he strayed on, restless, to another. Fickle Raggles! - but perhaps he had not met the civic corporation that could engage and hold his critical fancy.

Through the ancient poets we have learned that the cities are feminine. So they were to poet Raggles; and his mind carried a concrete and clear conception of the figure that symbolized and typified each one that he had wooed.

Chicago seemed to swoop down upon him with a breezy suggestion of Mrs. Partington, plumes and patchouli, and to disturb his rest with a soaring and beautiful song of future promise. But Raggles would awake to a sense of shivering cold and a haunting impression of ideals lost in a depressing aura of potato salad and fish.

Thus Chicago affected him. Perhaps there is a vagueness and inaccuracy in the description; but that is Raggle's

fault. He should have recorded his sensations in magazine poems.

Pittsburgh impressed him as the play of "Othello" performed in the Russian language in a railroad station by Dockstader's minstrels. A royal and generous lady this Pittsburgh, though - homely, hearty, and flushed face, washing the dishes in a silk dress and white kid slippers, and bidding Raggles sit before the roaring fireplace and drink champagne with his pigs' feet and fried potatoes.

New Orleans had simply gazed down upon him from a balcony. He could see her pensive, starry eyes and catch the flutter of her fan, and that was all. Only once he came face to face with her. It was at dawn, when she was flushing the red bricks of the banquette with a pail of water. She laughed and hummed a chansonette and filled Raggle's shoes with ice-cold water. Allons!

Boston construed herself to the poetic Raggles in an erratic and singular way. It seemed to him that he had drunk cold tea and that the city was a white, cold cloth that had been bound tightly around his brow to spur him to some unknown but tremendous mental effort. And, after all, he came to shovel snow for a livelihood; and the cloth, becoming wet, tightened its knots and could not be removed.

Indefinite and unintelligible ideas, you will say; but your disapprobation should be tempered with gratitude, for these are poets' fancies - and suppose you had come upon them in verse!

Ond day Raggles came and laid siege to the heart of the great city of Manhattan. She was the greatest of all; and he wanted to learn her note in the scale; to taste and appraise and classify and solve and label her and arrange her with the other cities that had given him up the secret of their individuality. And here we cease to be Raggle's translator and become his chronicler.

Raggles landed from a ferry-boat one morning and walked into the core of the town with the blasé air of a cosmopolite. He was dressed with care to play the role of an "unidentified man." No country race, class, clique, union, party clan, or bowling association could have claimed him. His clothing, which had been donated to him piece-meal by

citizens of different height, but same number of inches around the heart, was not yet as uncomfortable to his figure as those specimens of raiment, self-measured, that are railroaded to you by transcontinental tailors with a suit case, suspenders, silk handkerchief and pearl studs as a bonus. Without money - as a poet should be - but with the ardor of an astronomer discovering a new star in the chorus of the milky way, or a man who has seen ink suddenly flow from his fountain pen, Raggles wandered into the great city.

Late in the afternoon he drew out of the roar and commotion with a look of dumb terror on his countenance. He was defeated, puzzled, discomfited, frightened. Other cities had been to him as long primer to read; as country maidens quickly to fathom; as send-price-of-subscription-with-answer rebuses to solve; as oyster cocktails to swallow; but here was one as cold, glittering, serene, impossible as a four-carat diamond in a window to a lover outside fingering damply in his pocket his ribbon-counter salary.

The greetings of the other cities he had known - their homespun kindliness, their human gamut of rough charity, friendly curses, garrulous curiosity, and easily estimated credulity or indifference. This city of Manhattan gave him no clue; it was walled against him. Like a river of adamant it flowed past him in the streets. Never an eye was turned upon him; no voice spoke to him. His heart yearned for the clap of Pittsburg's sooty hand on his shoulder; for Chicago's menacing but social yawp in his ear; for the pale and eleemosynary stare through the Bostonian eyeglass - even for the precipitate but unmalicious boot-toe of Louisville or St. Louis.

On Broadway Raggles, successful suitor of many cities, stood, bashful, like any country swain. For the first time he experienced the poignant humiliation of being ignored. And when he tried to reduce this brilliant, swiftly changing, ice-cold city to a formula he failed utterly. Poet though he was, it offered him no color similes, no points of comparison, no flaw in its polished facets, no handle by which he could hold it up and view its shape and structure, as he familiarly and often contemptuously had done with other towns. The houses were interminable ramparts loop-holed for defence; the people were bright but bloodless spectres passing in sinister and selfish array.

The thing that weighed heaviest on Raggle's soul and clogged his poet's fancy was the spirit of absolute egotism

that seemed to saturate the people as toys are saturated with paint. Each one that he considered appeared a monster of abominable and insolent conceit. Humanity was gone from them; they were toddling idols of stone and varnish, worshipping themselves and greedy for though oblivious of worship from their fellow graven images. Frozen, cruel, implacable, impervious, cut to an identical pattern, they hurried on their ways like statues brought by some miracle to motion, while soul and feeling lay unaroused in the reluctant marble.

Gradually Raggles became conscious of certain types. One was an elderly gentleman with a snow-white, short beard, pink, unwrinkled face, and stony, sharp blue eyes, attired in the fashion of a gilded youth, who seemed to personify the city's wealth, ripeness and frigid unconcern. Another type was a woman, tall, beautiful, clear as steel engraving, goddess-like, calm, clothed like the princesses of old, with eyes as coldly blue as the reflection of sunlight on a glacier. And another was a by-product of this town of marionettes - a broad, swaggering, grim, threateningly sedate fellow, with a jowl as large as a harvested wheat field, the complexion of a baptized infant, and the knuckles of a prize fighter. This type leaned against cigar signs and viewed the world with frappéd contumely.

A poet is a sensitive creature, and Raggles soon shriveled in the bleak embrace of the undecipherable. The chill, sphinx-like, ironical, illegible, unnatural, ruthless expression of the city left him downcast and bewildered. Had no heart? Better the woodpile, the scolding of vinegar-faced housewives at back doors, the kindly spleen of bartenders behind provincial free-lunch counters, the amiable truculence of rural constables, the kicks, arrests, and happy-go-lucky chances of the other vulgar, loud, crude cities than this freezing heartlessness.

Raggles summoned his courage and sought alms from the populace. Unheeding, regardless, they passed on without the wink of an eyelash to testify that they were conscious of his existence. And then he said to himself that this fair but pitiless city of Manhattan was without a soul; that its inhabitants were mannikins moved by wires and springs, and that he was alone in a great wilderness.

Raggles started to cross the street. There was a blast, a roar, a hissing and a crash as something struck him and

hurled him over and over six yards from where he had been. As he was coming down like a stick of a rocket the earth and all the cities thereof turned to a fractured dream.

Raggles opened his eyes. First an odor made itself known to him - an odor of the earliest spring flowers of Paradise. And then a hand soft as a falling petal touched his brow. Bending over him was the woman clothed like the princess of old, with blue eyes, now soft and humid with human sympathy. Under his head on the pavement were silks and furs. With Raggles's hat in his hand and with his face pinker than ever from a vehement outburst of oratory against reckless driving, stood the elderly gentleman who personified the city's wealth and ripeness. From a near-by cafe hurried the by-product with the vast jowl and baby complexion, bearing a glass full of crimson fluid that suggested delightful possibilities.

'Drink dis, sport,' said the by-product, holding the glass to Raggles's lips.

Hundred of people huddled around in a moment, their faces wearing the deepest concern. Two flattering and gorgeous policemen got into the circle and pressed back the overplus of Samaritans. An old lady in a black shawl spoke loudly of camphor; a newsboy slipped one of his papers beneath Raggles's elbow, where it lay on the muddy pavement. A brisk young man with a notebook was asking for names.

A bell clanged importantly, and the ambulance cleaned a lane through the crowd. A cool surgeon slipped into the midst of affairs.

'How do you feel old man?' asked the surgeon, stooping easily to his task. The princess of silks and satins wiped a red drop or two from Raggle's brow with a fragrant cobwed.

'Me?' said Raggles, with a seraphic smile, 'I feel fine.' He had found the heart of his new city.

In three days they let him leave his cot for the convalescent ward in the hospital. He had been in there an hour when the attendants heard sounds of conflict. Upon investigation they found that Raggles had assaulted and damaged a brother convalescent - a glowering transient whom a freight

train collision had sent in to be patched up.

'What's all this about?' inquired the head nurse.

'He was runnin' down me town,' said Raqqles

'What town?' asked the nurse.

'Noo York,' said Raqqles".

WORD SONGS ABOUT THE CITY

UPTOWN

by the Chambers Brothers

I'm goin uptown to Harlem
Gonna let my hair down in Harlem
If a taxi won't take me
I'll catch a train
I'll go underground
I'll get there just the same

Cuz I'm going uptown to Harlem
Gonna let my hair down in Harlem
125th Street, now here I come
Now get ready for me
Cuz I'm comin for fun
Gonna eat me some chit'lins and some black-eyed peas
Some barbecued ribs and some collard greens

I'm gonna party for days in Harlem
Leave those downtown ways for Harlem
Gonna make it to the Gate and the Chatterbox
Gonna go down to Basie's and down to Small's
Gonna make it to the Playhouse and the Red Rooster too
Gonna go down to Jock's, the Truth and the Way Out Blues

I'm gonna have a ball in Harlem
And that ain't all in Harlem
Gonna eat me some chit'lins and some black-eyed peas
Some barbecued ribs and some collard greens
Said, goin uptown to Harlem
Gonna let my hair down in Harlem

Come on everybody, everybody, everybody
Gotta, gotta make it
Gotta go up to Harlem, yeah, yeah
Gotta leave them downtown ways, yeah
Gotta party for days
Come on get yourself together
Come on, come one, and meet me in Harlem, yeah
Come on
Come on

RIDING THE "A"

May Swenson

I ride
the "A" train
and feel
like a ball-
bearing in a roller skate.
I have on a gray
rain-
coat. the hollow
of the car
is gray.
My face
a negative in the slate
window,
I sit
in a lit
corridor that races
through a dark
one. Strok-
ing steel,
what a smooth rasp--it feels
like the newest of knives
slicing
along
a long
black crusty loaf
from West 4th to 168th.
Wheels
and rails
in their prime
collide,
make love in a glide
of slickness
and friction.
It is an elation
I wish to pro-
long.
The station
is reached
too soon.

TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Billy Strayhorn

You must take the "A" train
To go to Sugar Hill 'way up in Harlem
If you miss the "A" train, You'll
find you've missed the quickest way to Harlem Hurry,
get on now it's coming Listen
to those rails a thrumming All 'board! get on The
"A" Train Soon you will be on Sugar Hill in
Harlem

59th STREET BRIDGE SONG
(Feelin' Groovy)

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkle

1, 2, 3
Slow down, you move too fast
You got to make the morning last.
Just kicking down the cobblestones
Lookin for fun and feelin groovy

Ba da da da da da da, feelin groovy

Hello, lamppost, whatcha knowin
I come to watch your flowers growin
Ain't cha got no rhymes for me

Doo-nt do do, feelin groovy
Ba da da da da da da, feelin groovy

I got no deeds to do, no promises to keep
I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep
Let the morning town drop all its petals on me
Life I love you
All is groovy.

*THE LOVE SONG OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK / T. S. ELIOT

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent

. . .

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

*Excerpt

THE TROPICS IN NEW YORK

Claude McKay

Bananas ripe and green, and gingerroot,
Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,
And tangerines and mangoes and grapefruit,
Fit for the highest prize at parish fairs,

Set in the window, bringing memories
Of fruit trees laden by low-singing rills,
And dewy dawns, and mystical blue skies
In benediction over nunlike hills.

My eyes grew dim, and I could no more gaze;
A wave of longing through my body swept,
And, hungry for the old, familiar ways,
I turned aside and bowed my head and wept.

LENOX AVENUE MURAL

Langston Hughes

HARLEM
What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore--
and then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
like syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

GOOD MORNING
Good morning, daddy!
I was born here, he said,
watched Harlem grow
until colored folks spread
from river to river
across the middle of Manhattan
out of Penn Station
dark tenth of a nation,
planes from Puerto Rico,
and holds of boats, chico,
up from Cuba Haiti Jamaica,
in busses marked New York
from Georgia Florida Louisiana
to Harlem Brooklyn the Bronx
but most of all to Harlem
dusky sash across Manhattan
I've seen them come dark
wondering
wide-eyed
dreaming
out of Penn Station--
but the trains are late.
The gates open--
but there're bars
at each gate
What happens
to a dream deferred?
Daddy, ain't you heard?

Lenox Avenue Mural (continued)

SAME IN BLUES

I said to my baby,
Baby, take it slow.
I can't, she said, I can't!
I got to go!
    There's a certain
    amount of traveling
    in a dream deferred.
Lulu said to Leonard,
I want a diamond ring.
Leonard said to Lulu,
You won't get a goddamn thing!
    A certain
    amount of nothing
    in a dream deferred.
Daddy, daddy, daddy,
All I want is you.
You can have me, baby--
but my lovin days is through.
    A certain
    amount of impotence
    in a dream deferred.
Three parties
On my party line---
But that third party,
Lord, ain't mine!
    There's liable
    to be confusion
    in a dream deferred.
From river to river
Uptown and down,
There's liable to be confusion
when a dream gets kicked around.
    You talk like
    they don't kick
    dreams around
    Downtown.

I expect they do--
But I'm talking about
Harlem to you

LETTER

Dear Mama,
    Time I pay rent and get my food
and laundry I don't have much left
but here is five dollars for you
to show you I still appreciates you.

Lenox Avenue Mural (continued)

My girl-friend send her love and say
she hopes to lay eyes on you sometime in life.
Mama, it has been raining cats and dogs up
here. Well, that is all so I will close.
Your son baby
Respectable as ever,
Joe

ISLAND

Between two rivers,
North of the park,
Like darker rivers
The streets are dark.

Black and white,
Gold and brown--
Chocolate-custard
Pie of a town.

Dream within a dream
Our dream deferred.

Good morning, daddy!
Ain't you heard?

SUMMER IN THE CITY

John B. Sebastian
Steve Boone
and Mark Sebastian

Hot town, summer in the city, Back o'my neck gettin' dirt and gritty.
Been down, isn't it a pity; Doesn't seem to be a shadow in the city.
All a-round people look-in' half dead, Walk-in' on the side-walk hotter than a match head.
But at night it's a diff'rent world; Go out and find a girl.
Come on, come on, and dance all night; Despite the heat it'll be all right, And
babe, don't you know it's a pity that the days can't be like the nights in the
summer in the city, in the summer in the city.

Cool town, evenin' in the city, Dressed so fine and a-lookin' so pretty.
Cool cat, look-in' for a kitty; Gonna look in ev'ry corner of the city.
Till I'm wheez'in' like a bus stop, Runnnin' up the stairs gonna meet you on the roof-top.
But at night it's a diff'rent world; Go out and find a girl.
Come on, come on, and dance all night; Despite the heat it'll be all right, And
babe, don't you know it's a pity that the days can't be like the nights in the
summer in the city, in the summer in the city.

*FOR CITY SPRING

Stephen Vincent Benet

Now grimy April comes again,
Maketh bloom the fire-escapes,
Maketh silvers in the rain,
Maketh winter coats and capes
Suddenly all worn and shabby
Like the fur of winter bears,
Maketh kittens, maketh baby,
Maketh kissing on the stairs.
Maketh bug crawl out of crack,
Maketh ticklings down the back
As if sunlight stroked the spine
To a hurdy-gurdy's whine
And the shower ran white wine.

April, April, sing cuckoo,
April, April, maketh new
Mouse and cockroach, man and wife,
Everything with blood and life;
Bloweth, groweth, flourisheth,
Danceth in a ragged skirt
On the very stoop of Death
And will take no mortal hurt.
Maketh dogs to whine and bound,
Maketh cats to caterwaul,
Maketh lovers, all around,
Whisper in the hall.

Oh, and when the night comes down
And the shrieking of the town
Settles to the steady roar
Of a along sea-beaten shore,
April hieth, April spieth
Everywhere a lover lieth,
Bringeth sweetness, bringeth fever,
Bringeth joyance in its stead.
By May, by May, she lieth sped,
Yet still we praise that crocus head,
April!

*Excerpt

*PRELUDES / T. S. ELIOT

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passageways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.

*Excerpt

LA AURORA

Garcia Lorca

La Aurora de Nueva York tiene
cuatro columnas de cieno
y un huracán de negras palomas
que chapotean las aguas podridas.

La aurora de Nueva York gime
por las inmensas escaleras
buscando entre las aristas
nardos de angustia dibujada.

La aurora llega y nadie la recibe en su boca
porque allí no hay mañana ni esperanza posible.
A veces las monedas en enjambres furiosos
taladran y devoran abandonados niños.

Los primeros que salen comprenden con sus huesos
que no habrá paraíso ni amores deshojados;
saben que van al cieno de números y leyes,
a los juegos sin arte, a sudores sin fruto.

La luz es sepultada por cadenas y ruidos
en impúdico reto de ciencia sin raíces.
Por los barrios hay gentes que vacilan insomnes
como recién salidas de un naufragio de sangre.

NEW YORK: EAST SIDE

John Hall Wheelock

In the spring, on the pavement of the city,
The little children play marbles, and laugh and shout--
Their laughter is drowned by the city all about;
But they laugh back, regardless of the city,
And run, and dance, and shout.

In the sunlight fading from the alleys,
The ruddy face and the dark face are bowed
Over a few soiled marbles; a watching crowd
Circles them in the noisy, dusty alleys,
Where the close heads are bowed.

From the river in the distance flowing
The whistles murmur - the tired souls of men
Call to each other over the waters again;
Over the river in the sunlight flowing
Answer the souls of men.

When lamps on the sidewalks glimmer,
Along the roofs the sky still burns with day-
A little group watches them where they play;
And in the distance the long waters glimmer
With the receding day.

* THE WORLD OUTSIDE

Denise Levertov

On the kitchen wall a flash
of shadow:
swift pilgrimage
of pigeons, a spiral
celebration of air, of sky-deserts.
And on tenement windows
a blaze
of lustered watermelon:
stain of the sun
westering somewhere back of Hoboken.

* Excerpt

TRAIN TUNE

Louise Bogen

Back through clouds
Back through clearing
Back through distance
Back through silence

Back through groves
Back through garlands
Back by rivers
Back below mountains

Back through lightning
Back through cities
Back through stars
Back through hours

Back through plains
Back through flowers
Back through birds
Back through rain

Back through smoke
Back through noon
Back along love
Back through midnight

*BRASS SPITTOONS

Langston Hughes

Clean the spittoons, boy.
Detroit,
Chicago,
Atlantic City,
Palm Beach.
Clean the spittoons.
The steam in hotel kitchens,
And the smoke in hotel lobbies,
And the slime in hotel spittoons:
Part of my life.
Hey, boy!
A nickel,
A dime,
A dollar,
Two dollars a day.
Hey, boy!
A nickel,
A dime,
A dollar,
Two dollars
Buy shoes for the baby.
House rent to pay.
Gin on Saturday,
Church on Sunday.
My God!
Babies and gin and church
And women and Sunday
All mixed with dimes and
Dollars and clean spittoons
And house rent to pay.

* Excerpt

YOUNG WOMAN AT A WINDOW

William Carlos Williams

She sits with
tears on

her cheek
her cheek on

her hand
the child

in her lap
his nose

pressed
to the glass

THE GREAT FIGURE

William Carlos Williams

Among the rain
and lights
I saw the figure 5
in gold
on a red
firetruck
moving
tense
unheeded
to gong clangs
siren howls
and wheels rumbling
through the dark city.

HARLEM SOUNDS: HALLELUJAH CORNER

William Browne

Cymbals clash,
and in this scene
of annulled jazz,
gay-stepping stompers
roll in
shouting "Hallelujah"
at a deposed "Spirit"
until,
like a mimic-child,
it rages,
stumbles,
and lies exhausted,
strung like Jesus.

The honky-tonk
riffs,
runs,
and breaks,
are superimposed
on the sounds
of
weeping
amens.

The mandrill sounds
of tuba snorts,
coned by applauding tambourines;
laugh
at the banjo-dance
of amen-women
shouting
at the
boogie-woogie
voice
of God.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN HARLEM

William Browne

Saturday night
in Harlem
is life
drilled hollow,
and strung
like death
on a string.

From time-shadowed houses
bul -voices
call to clam-criers
laughing
in garbage-carnival streets
pimps in dark glasses
and processed heads
stand on raggedy corners
with Mr. I. W. Harper
singing gospel songs.

Saturday night,
but Harlem's
guitar-grinning face
is not trouble free;
her sorrows
are age-long.

From her blues-crammed
no-heat kitchenettes
and dirty halls,
grin-grinning maids,
and whiskey clowns
burlesque
on linoleum squares
as hi-fi rock 'n' roll
stab their ears.

Saturday night
and the stooped-over lights
on a Harlem street
light up
the front door
to
a pain-spewn world.

THE TIMES ARE A-CHANGIN'

Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone,
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times they are a-changin'

Come writers and critics
Who prophecies with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall.
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle
Outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers,
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now will
Later be fast.
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.

PLANNERS TALK ABOUT PLANNING

The End of the City, by Frank Lloyd Wright

Frank Lloyd Wright died in 1959 at the age of 89. He was a world-famous architect--and he hated big cities. Most of all he hated New York.

Here's how he thinks you should live. Do you like his way? He is the man who designed Broadacre City, a utopia.

"...our big cities, vampires, must die. Universal automobilization, ubiquity of movement, thought, voice, and vision now penetrating distance and walls--these are gigantic factors making present-day urban life as troublesome to free human life as static is to radio.

Any simple basis we might honestly call fundamental to the economy of our democratic republic is not there. This society of ours has overbuilt and now persists in overinhabiting cities--a wholly inorganic basis for survival now shamefully battening upon sources of extrinsic production; senselessly increasing production for the sake of more production! Production is now trying to control consumption--the big horse behind the little cart. This it is that turns the nation into a vast factory, greedy for foreign markets, with the specter of war as inevitable clearinghouse.

The old city, already distinctly dated by its own excess, is only further outmoded by every forced increase. Our natural resource now is in new possibilities of access to good uses of good ground: an agronomy intelligently administered.

Imagine now, freeways broadened, spacious, well-landscaped highways, grade crossings eliminated by a kind of integrated bypassing, over- or underpassing. All traffic in cultivated or living areas made gracious by landscaping, devoid of ugly scaffolding (like telegraph and telephone poles and wires), free of glaring billboards, and especially from ugly fencing and ditching. Imagine these great highways of generous, safe width and always easy grade--roadbeds concave instead of convex--bright with wayside

flowers or cool with shade trees, joined at intervals with modern air-rotor fields from which self-contained mechanical units--safe, noiseless transport planes, radio-controlled, carrying neither engines nor fuel--like modern taxicabs take off from convenient stations to almost anywhere else. Giant roads now themselves great architecture. Public service stations now no longer eyesores but expanded as good architecture to include all kinds of merchandise, appear as roadside service along the roads for the traveler. Charm and comfort--no end--throughout these great roads as they unite and separate, separate again and unite. Endless the series of diversified units--as one passes by small farm units, roadside markets, garden-schools, beautiful spacious dwelling places on acreage, each on its own acreage of individually adorned and cultivated ground. Places too for pleasure in work or leisure are common where landscape features occur. And imagine man-units so arranged and integrated that every citizen may choose any form of production, distribution, self-improvement, enjoyment, within the radius of, say, ten to forty minutes of his own home--all now available to him by means of private car or plane, helicopter, or some other form of fast public conveyance; factories in which to make his living. Such integrated distribution of living all related to ground--this composes the new city embracing this entire country: the Broadacre City of tomorrow.

In the organic city of tomorrow ground space will be reckoned by the acre. No less than an acre to each individual man, woman, and child. This individual acre seems minimum when we consider that if all inhabitants of the world were to stand up right together, they would scarcely occupy the island of Bermuda. Reflect that in the United States there are about fifty-seven green acres each for every man, woman, and child within our borders at this time.

On this basis of an acre to each, architecture could soon come into service of the man himself as a natural feature of his life. The architecture of his home could never again be the adapted, commercialized thing it is: as housing by government or otherwise.

Liberal ground use is itself now one sure basis for culture and a more liberal education for America.

After all is said and done, he--the citizen--is really the city. The city is going where he goes. He is learning to go where he enjoys all the city ever gave him, plus freedom, security, and beauty of his birthright, the good

ground. The first true basis for his pursuit of happiness is such integral independence: the only sure basis of his desired freedom."

The Skyscrapers of New York Are Too Small! by Le Corbusier

French architect, Le Corbusier, loves New York. He is not like Frank Lloyd Wright or Ebenezer Howard who want small cities to be built. Who do you think is right? Are the skyscrapers too small? Do you remember the huge skyscrapers in Le Corbusier's plan for Paris?

" On the morning after my arrival in New York the New York Herald Tribune printed in big type, over my caricatured newspaper photograph:

FINDS AMERICAN SKYSCRAPERS MUCH TOO SMALL
Skyscrapers not big enough
Says Le Corbusier at first sight
Things they should be huge and a lot farther apart.

At two o'clock I disembarked from the ship; at four o'clock reporters had gathered at the Museum of Modern Art.

The cardinal question asked of every traveler on his arrival is: "What do you think of New York?" Coolly I replied: "The skyscrapers are too small."

And I explained what I meant.

For a moment my questioners were speechless! So much the worse for them! The reasoning is clear and the supporting proofs abundant, streets full of them, a complete urban disaster.

The skyscrpaer is not a plume rising from the face of the city. It has been made that, and wrongly. The plume was a poison to the city. The skyscraper is an instrument. A magnificent instrument for the concentration of population, for getting rid of land congestion...

A hundred times I have thought: New York is a catastrophe, and fifty times: it is a beautiful catastrophe.

One evening about six o'clock I had cocktails with James Johnson Sweeney -- a friend who lives in an apartment house east of Central Park, over toward the East River; he is on the top floor, one hundred and sixty feet above the street; after having looked out the windows, we went outside on the balcony, and finally we climbed up on the roof.

The night was dark, the air dry and cold. The whole city was lighted up. If you have not seen it, you cannot know or imagine what it is like. You must have had it sweep over you. Then you begin to understand why Americans have become proud of themselves in the last twenty years and why they raise their voices in the world and why they are impatient when they come to our country. The sky is decked out. It is a Milky Way come down to earth; you are in it. Each window, each person, is a light in the sky. At the same time a perspective is established by the arrangement of the thousand lights of each skyscraper; it forms itself more in your mind than in the darkness perforated by illimitable fires. The stars are part of it also -- the real stars -- but sparkling quietly in the distance. Splendor, scintillation, promise, proof, act of faith, etc. Feeling comes into play; the action of the heart is released; crescendo, allegro, fortissimo. We are charged with feeling, we are intoxicated; legs strengthened, chest expanded, eager for action, we are filled with a great confidence.

This is the Manhattan of vehement silhouettes. Those are the verities of technique, which is the springboard of lyricism. The fields of water, the railroads, the planes, the stars, and the vertical city with its unimaginable diamonds. Everything is there, and it is real.

The nineteenth century covered the earth with ugly and soulless works. Bestiality of money. The twentieth century aspires to grace, suppleness. The catastrophe is before us in the darkness, a spectacle young and new. The night effaces a thousand objects of debate and mental reservation. What is here then is true! Then everything is possible. Let the human be written into this by conscious intention, let joy be brought into the city by means of wisely conceived urban machinery and by generous thinking, aware of human misery. Let order reign."

Description of Garden City, by Ebenezer Howard

In the slide show you saw diagrams of GARDEN CITY. Here is the planner's own description of what it would look like.

Is it better than New York? Can you use some of his ideas in your neighborhood?

"Garden City, which is to be built near the centre of the 6,000 acres, covers an area of 1,000 acres, or a sixth part of the 6,000 acres, and might be of circular form 1,240 yards (or nearly three-quarters of a mile) from centre to circumference.

Six magnificent boulevards - each 120 feet wide - traverse the city from centre to circumference, dividing it into six equal parts or wards. In the centre is a circular space containing about five and a half acres, laid out as a beautiful and well-watered garden; and surrounding this garden, each standing in its own ample grounds, are the larger public buildings - town hall, principal concert and lecture hall, theater, library, museum, picture-gallery, and hospital.

The rest of the large space encircled by the 'Crystal Palace' is a public park, containing 145 acres, which includes ample recreation grounds within very easy access of all the people.

Running all around the Central Park (except where it is intersected by the boulevards) is a wide glass arcade called the 'Crystal Palace', opening on to the park. This building is in wet weather one of the favourite resorts of the people, whilst the knowledge that its bright shelter is ever close at hand tempts people into Central Park, even in the most doubtful of weathers. Here manufactured goods are exposed for sale, and here most of that class of shopping which requires the joy of deliberation and selection is done. The space enclosed by the Crystal Palace is, however, a good deal larger than is required for these purposes, and a considerable part of it is used as a Winter Garden - the whole forming a permanent exhibition of a most attractive character, whilst its circular form brings it near to every dweller in the town - the furthest removed inhabitant being within 600 yards.

Passing out of the Crystal Palace on our way to the outer ring of the town, we cross Fifth Avenue - lined, as are all the roads of the town, with trees - fronting which, and looking on to the Crystal Palace, we find a ring of very excellently built houses, each standing in its own ample grounds; and, as we continue our walk, we observe that the houses are for the most part built either in concentric rings, facing the various avenues (as the circular roads are termed), or fronting the boulevards and roads which all converge to the centre of the town. Asking the friend who accompanies us on our journey what the population of this little city may be, we are told about 30,000 in the city itself, and about 2,000 in the agricultural estate , and that there are in the town 5,500 building lots of an <u>average</u> size of 20 feet x 130 feet - the minimum space alloted for the purpose being 20 x 100. Noticing the very varied architecture and design which the houses and groups of houses display - some having common gardens and co-operative kitchens - we learn that general observance of street line or harmonious departure from it are the chief points as to house building, over which the municipal authorities exercise control, for, though proper sanitary arrangements are strictly enforced, the fullest measure of individual taste and preference is encouraged.

Walking still toward the outskirts of the town, we come upon 'Grand Avenue'. This avenue is fully entitled to the name it bears, for it is 420 feet wide[1] and forming a belt of green upwards of three miles long, divides that part of the town which lies outside Central Park into two belts. It really constitutes an additional park of 115 acres - a park which is within 240 yards of the furthest removed inhabitant. In this splendid avenue six sites, each of four acres, are occupied by public schools and their surrounding playgrounds and gardens, while other sites are reserved for churches, of such denominations as the religious beliefs of the people may determine, to be erected and maintained out of the funds of the worshippers and their friends. We observe that the houses fronting on Grand Avenue have departed from the general plan of concentric rings and, in order to ensure a longer line of frontage on Grand Avenue, are arranged in crescents - thus also to the eye yet further enlarging the already splendid width of Grand Avenue.

1. Portland Place, London, is only 100 feet wide

On the outer ring of the town are factories, warehouses, dairies, markets, coal yards, timber yards, etc., all fronting on the circle railway, which encompasses the whole town, and which has sidings connecting it with a main line of railway which passes through the estate. This arrangement enables goods to be loaded direct into trucks from the warehouses and workshops, and so sent by railway to distant markets, or to be taken direct from the trucks into the warehouses or factories; thus not only effecting a very great saving in regard to packing and cartage, and reducing to a minimum loss from breakage, but also, by reducing the traffic on the roads of the town, lessening to a very marked extent the cost of their maintenance. The smoke fiend is kept well within bounds in Garden City; for all machinery is driven by electric energy, with the result that the cost of electricity for lighting and other purposes is greatly reduced."

Readings for lesson VI

Planning for Change
3/1/68

THE CITY IN HISTORY, by Lewis Mumford

Here are three different ways of living in the past.
In which city would you have liked to live?

Athens in 500 B.C.

"The core of the city, the center of its most valued activities, the essence of its total existence, was the acropolis; for the acropolis was above all the home of the city's gods, and here were all the holy offices derived from nature and history. Too exclusively has the image of the Athenian Acropolis been confined to its crowning buildings, above all to the Erectheum and the Parthenon; but beneath these buildings was a source of both their esthetic power and their activities: the mighty rock that raised these buildings to the sky, a rock whose blue and pink tints contrast with the marble above, and whose craggy outlines, even when capped by a sheer wall, contrast with the sublime geometry of the temples.

This was a holy mountain indeed, and its original primitive attributes helped to make it so: the caves, the graves, the grottoes, the springs, no less than the later shrines, sacred enclosures, fountains.

If the layout of the Acropolis expressed an accumulation of traditional relationships, rather than a fresh, all-embracing order, what shall one say of the rubble of houses that sprawled at its base - houses built of unbaked brick, with tiled roofs, or even of mud and wattle with thatched roofs, still stamped with village crudeness? These made up the major portion of the city, right into the fourth century and even later, for somewhere between the second and the first centruy B.C., Dicaearchus could observe: 'The road to Athens is a pleasant one, running between cultivated fields the whole way. The city is dry and ill-supplied with water. The streets are nothing but miserable old lanes, the houses mean, with a few better ones among them. On his first arrival a stranger would hardly believe that this is the Athens of which he has heard so much.'

The best one can say of the housing situation in Athens is that the quarters of the rich and the poor were side by side, and that except perhaps in size and inner furnishings, were scarcely distinguishable: in the fifth century, noble

poverty was more esteemed than ignoble riches, and public honors and family repute counted for more than private wealth. The houses, one story high, with low-pitched roofs, must have made the residential quarters like those of an unprogressive Mediterranean town today; but probably lacking even the whitewash.

Nothing that could be called a coherent street system characterized the residential district of these early towns: to a modern eye they would look as oriental as the seclusion of their womenfolk, which the Athenians also practiced. The lanes would be wide enough perhaps for a man with a donkey or a market basket, but one had to know one's quarter in order to find one's way about it. This very absence of system and orientation was prized as a means of defense in case the enemy penetrated the outer wall, advocated by Aristotle, praised later by Plutarch, who saw the advantages of thus causing confusion to the enemy, even in the Hellenistic Age.

But there was no paving to keep down the mud in spring or the dust in summer; in the central area there were no inner gardens or tree-lined parks, and only the beginnings of arcaded public promenades. In the bigger cities of the fifth century the spottiness, if not the downright lack, of sanitary facilities was scandalous, almost suicidal: a fact that the great plague during the Peloponnesian War, which had crowded Athens with refugees, emphasized. By 432 Athens was so overbuilt indeed that refugees were forced to encamp on the Acropolis, in defiance of sound warnings against this foul concentration issued from Delphi itself.

As long as towns remained relatively small, with open fields right at hand, their sanitary infelicities could be tolerated. Town sites of forty to a hundred acres, towns of from two to five thousand population, could afford a measure of rural laxity in matters like the disposal of garbage and human waste. Urban growth called for stricter care. Yet even in big cities there were, apparently, no public latrines.

This seems like a sorry picture of a great city, until we remember that we are dealing with a people unfettered by many other standard requirements of civilization, freed in an unusual degree from the busy routines of getting and spending: not given to guzzling and overdrinking, not making undue effort to secure comforts and luxuries, furnishings and upholstery: living an athletic, indeed

abstemious life, conducting all their affairs under the open sky. Beauty was cheap and the best goods of this life, above all the city itself, were there for the asking.

The Greek citizen was poor in comforts and convenience; but he was rich in a wide variety of experiences, precisely because he had succeeded in by-passing so many of the life-defeating routines and materialistic compulsions of civilization. Partly he had done this by throwing a large share of the physical burden on slaves; but even more by cutting down on his own purely physical demands, and expanding the province of the mind. If he did not see the dirt around him, it was because beauty held his eye and charmed his ear. In Athens at least the muses had a home."

Rome: in 100 A. D.

Rome shows in diagrammatic contrast the relation of an exploiting ruling class to a depressed proletariat, and, as Petronius Arbiter well put it in the 'Satyricon,' 'The little people came off badly; for the jaws of the upper class are always keeping carnival.' While a handful of patricians, about eighteen hundred families, occupied large private mansions, often with ample gardens and houses big enough to contain a whole retinue of free servants and slaves, many of the houses veritable palaces, the members of the middle classes, including officials, merchants, small industrial employers, probably lived in apartment houses such as those that have been excavated at the neighboring seaport of Ostia. These quarters were decent, perhaps, but the occupants paid a rent in Caesar's time about four times that of other towns in Italy. The great mass of the proletariat, in dire contrast, lived in some forty-six thousand tenement houses, which must have contained, on the average, close to two hundred people each.

These tenement houses bore the same relation to the spacious palaces and baths of the city as the open cess trenches did to the Cloaca Maxima. The building of these insulae, like the building of the tenements of New York, was a speculative enterprise in which the greatest profits were made by both the dishonest contractors, putting together flimsy structures that would barely hold up, and profiteering landlords, who learned how to sub-divide old quarters into even narrower cells to accomodate even poorer artisans at a higher return of rent per unit. (One notes, not without a cynical smile, that the one kind of wheeled traffic permitted by day in Rome was that of the building contractors.)

Crassus, who made a fabulous fortune in tenement house properties, boasted that he never spent money in building: it was more profitable to buy partly damaged old properties at fire sales and rent them with meager repairs. Such systematic slum clearance projects as Nero's great fire naturally increased the housing shortage and tightened the hold of the rapacious landlords. Thus the traditional slave's diet, the meagerest ration that would keep his body alive, was matched by the equally depressing slave's shelter--crowded, ramshackle, noisome. Such were the accommodations provided for the 'free-citizens' of Rome.

But the tenements of Rome easily take the prize for being the most crowded and insanitary buildings produced in Western Europe until the sixteenth century, when site over-

filling and room over-crowding became common, from Naples to Edinburgh, and even Elizabethan London for a while succumbed to the same speculative misdemeanors. Not only were these buildings unheated, unprovided with waste pipes or water closets, unadapted to cooking; not merely did they contain an undue number of airless rooms, indecently over-crowded: though poor in all the facilities that make for decent daily living, they were in addition so badly built and so high that they offered no means of safe exit from the frequent fires that occurred. And if their tenants escaped typhoid, typhus, fire, they might easily meet their death in the collapse of the whole structure. Such accidents were all too frequent. So badly were the insulae clapped together that, in Juvenal's words, they 'shook with every gust of wind that blew.' That was hardly a poetic exaggeration.

These buildings and their people constituted the core of imperial Rome, and that core was rotten. As Rome grew and its system of exploitation turned more and more parasitic, the rot ate into ever larger masses of urban tissue. The main population of the city that boasted its world conquests lived in cramped, noisy, airless, foul-smelling, infected quarters, paying extortinate rents to merciless landlords, under-going daily indignities and terrors that coarsened and brutalized them, and in turn demanded compensatory outlets. These outlets carried the brutalization even further, in a continuous carnival of sadism and death.

But before examining the chief recreations of the proletariat, by which they relieved their own sufferings by lasciviously gloating on people made to endure even worse tortures and degradations, let us behold Rome at its best. For Rome had more human attributes; and to the masses it exploited, it presented, even in its worst moments, astonishing glimpses of civic beauty and order, seemingly untainted by violence and greed.

Medieval Cities

"The majority of medieval towns were immensely superior to those erected during the last two centuries: is it not mainly for their beauty, indeed, that people still make pilgrimages to them? One awoke in a medieval town to the crowing of a cock, the chirping of birds nesting under the eaves, or to the tolling of the hour in the monastery on the outskirts, perhaps to the chime of bells in the new bell tower in the market square, to announce the beginning of the working day, or the opening of the market. Song rose easily on the lips, from the plain chant of the monks to the refrains of the ballad singer in the marketplace, or that of the apprentice and the house-maid at work. Singing, acting, dancing were still 'do-it-yourself' activities.

As late as the seventeenth century, the ability to hold a part in a domestic choral song was rated by Pepys as an indispensable quality in a new serving maid; and medieval music down to his time was composed mainly for the voice, addressed to the singers, rather than the listeners. In their polyphonic unison, each voice held its own, repeating the same melody in its own range, just as each guild and craft held its own within the city, one voice joining the next and going on with the tune, as one guild would join the procession after another, with its banners and its floats. In the daily routine, there were work songs, distinct for each craft, often composed to the rhythmic tapping or hammering or swaying of the craftsman himself.

Everywhere nature's noises mingled with man's. Fitz Stephen reported in the twelfth century that the sound of the water mill was a plesant one amid the green fields of London. At night there would be complete silence, but for the stirring of animals and the calling of the hours by the town watch. Deep sleep was possible in the medieval town, immune from the ulcerating tensions of either human or mechanical noises.

If the ear was stirred, the eye was even more deeply delighted. Every part of the town, beginning with the walls themselves, was conceived and executed as a work of art: even parts of a sacred structure that might be unseen, were still finished as carefully as if they were fully visible, as Ruskin long ago noted: God at least would bear witness to the craftsman's faith and joy. The worker who had walked through the nearby fields or woods on a holiday came back to his stone carving, his wood working, his

weaving or gold-smithing, with a rich harvest of impressions to be transferred to his work. The buildings, so far from being musty and 'quaint' were as bright and clean as a medieval illumination, if only because they were usually whitewashed with lime, so that all the colors of the image-makers, in glass or polychromed wood, would dance in reflection on the walls, even as the shadows quivered like sprays of lilacs on the facades and the traceries of the more richly carved buildings.

Let us take a look at the new contents of the town: a sample here and there will reveal the new social structure, and the new distribution of urban groups. In Carcassonne, in 1304, the population was about 9,500. This was divided into 43 noble households, 12 Lombard and 30 Jewish merchants, 63 notaries, 15 advocates, 40 soldiers, police and messengers, 9 university-trained doctors, 9 priests, 250 clergy. In Florence, in the fourteenth century, with a population of 90,000, there were 25,000 men from fifteen to seventy years of age 'fit to bear arms', 1,500 magnates, 75 knights, 1,500 foreigners, traders, and transients, 8 to 10 thousand boys and girls learning to read, 110 churches, 200 workshops of the Arte della Lana (woolen trades), 30,000 workers in textile trades, 80 money changers, 600 notaries, 60 physicians and surgeons.

Esthetically, a medieval town is like a medieval tapestry: the eye, challenged by the rich intricacy of the design, roams back and forth over the entire fabric, captivated by a flower, an animal, a head, lingering where it pleases, retracing its path, taking in the whole only by assimilating the parts, not commanding the design at a single glance.

In the marketplace the guilds set up their stages for the performance of the mystery plays; here the savage punishment of criminals or heretics would take place, on the gallows or at the stake; it was here that at the end of the Middle Ages, when the serious occupations of feudalism were transformed into urban sports, that great tourneys would be held. Often one marketplace will open into another subordinate place, connected by a narrow passage: Parma is but one of many examples. The dry goods and hardware market was usually separated for very natural reasons from the provisions market. Many a square we now admire purely for its noble architectural frame, like the Piazzetta San Marco in Venice, originally was carved out for a utilitarian purpose - in this case a meat market.

The street occupied in the medieval town a quite different place than in an age of wheeled transportation. We usually think of urban houses as being ranged along a line of pre-determined streets. But on less regular medieval sites, it would be the other way about: groups of trades or institutional buildings would form self-contained quarters or'islands,' with the building disposed without relation to the public ways outside. Within these islands, and often outside, the footways marked the daily goings and comings of the inhabitants. The notion of a 'traffic network' was as absent as constant wheeled traffic itself. 'Islands' formed by the castle, the monasteries or colleges, the specialized industrial section of the more advanced towns, like the Arsenal at Venice, interrupted the closer pattern of small scale residential blocks."

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE

A Case Study: The Woodlawn Organization by Charles Silberman

The Woodlawn Organization (TWO) is a powerful neighborhood organization in Chicago. It is now entirely run by local people. The president is Rev. Arthur Brazier, a famous Negro civil rights leader from the area.

TWO does a lot for the people in the community. How did TWO get started? How does it get things done? Do you agree with TWO's tactics? Would they work in your neighborhood?

"The actual work of creating The Woodlawn Organization was begun in the spring and summer of 1960, eighteen months after the four ministers had called on Alinsky for help. (He had told them he would not come in to Woodlawn until a representative committee had extended the invitation.) By this time, the invitation was being extended by the Greater Woodlawn Pastors Alliance with support from most other organized groups in the community. The organizing effort was made possible by grants from the Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, the Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and the Schwarzhaupt Foundation, a private philanthropy which has supported Industrial Areas Foundation projects elsewhere in the United States.

How do you begin to organize an area like Woodlawn? As Nicholas von Hoffman, then chief organizer (now a reporter for a Chicago daily) put it with studied casualness, "I found myself at the corner of Sixty-third and Kimbark and I looked around." It did not take much looking or listening to discover, as might be expected in a Negro slum, that one of the things that "bugged" residents the most was cheating and exploitation by some of the businessmen of the area. In most low-income areas, credit-purchasing is a trap; naive and semi-literate customers are high-pressured into signing instalment contracts without reading the fine print or having it explained. According to Dr. Leber, there were instances of customers being charged effective interest rates as high as 200 per cent; second-hand merchandise was represented as new; and prices bordered on outright piracy: a $6 diamond chip in a gaudy ring setting would be sold for $250, with a "Certificate of Guarantee" that it was a real diamond. (It was a real diamond--but one worth only $6.) Credit-purchasing aside, many merchants took unfair advantage of their customers' ignorance; food stores, for example, gave short weight, overcharged, and in a few cases actually rigged their cash registers to give false totals.

If this had been all, however, TWO would have been stillborn. To publicize the Code, and to publicize the new organization, a big parade was staged in which nearly a thousand people marched through the business section carrying signs, singing, and creating enough of a stir to make the front pages of most Chicago newspapers. The next Saturday, a registered scale was set up at a nearby Catholic church, along with an adding machine; people who shopped at the markets suspected of giving false weights and improper totals brought their packages directly to the church, where they were weighed, and cash register slips checked and the false weights and false totals publicized. Most of the offending merchants quickly agreed to comply with the "Square Deal" agreement. To bring recalcitrant merchants to terms, leaflets were distributed through the community accusing them of cheating and urging residents to stay away.

The Square Deal campaign served its purpose. It eliminated a considerable amount of exploitation and chicanery on the part of Woodlawn merchants. More important, it made residents of Woodlawn aware of the existence of the new organization and drove home the fact that through organization they could improve some of the circumstances of their lives. Two years later, a TWO vice-president recalled that it was the Square Deal campaign that brought him into the organization, and that really put TWO on a solid footing. "We showed people that they don't have to accept everything, that they can do something about it," he said--"but that they have to be organized to do it."

To capitalize on the enthusiasm this campaign created, the IAF staff men moved next to organize rent strikes in a number of Woodlawn buildings. Wherever a substantial majority of the tenants could be persuaded to act together, a tenants' group was formed which demanded that the landlord, within some stated period of time, clear up physical violations that made occupancy hazardous or uncomfortable--broken windows, plumbing that did not work, missing steps from staircases, inadequate heat, etc. When the landlords ignored the ultimatum, TWO organized a rent strike: rents were withheld from the landlord and deposited in escrow in a special bank account. To dramatize the strike on one block where several adjoining buildings were involved, residents spelled out "This Is A Slum" in huge letters on the outside of the building. If the landlord remained recalcitrant, groups of pickets were dispatched to march up and down in front of the landlord's own home, carrying placards that read "Your Neighbor Is A Slumlord." The picketing provided a useful outlet for the anger the tenants felt, and gave them an opportunity, for the first time in their lives, to use their color in an affirmative

way. For as soon as the Negro pickets appeared in a white suburban block, the landlord was deluged with phonecalls from angry neighbors demanding that he do something to call the pickets off. Within a matter of hours landlords who were picketed were on the phone with TWO, agreeing to make repairs.

It is precisely this sort of tactic that leads some of Alinsky's critics to denounce him as an agitator who deals in hate and who incites to conflict, a troublemaker whose stated goal is to "rub raw the sores of discontent," as an early TWO memorandum put it. "The fact that a community may be stirred and organized by 'sharpening dormant hostilities' and 'rubbing raw the sores of discontent' is not new," says Julian Levi, executive director of the South East Chicago Commission and mastermind and director of the University of Chicago's urban renewal activities. "The technique has been proved in practice in the assembling of lynch mobs." (Levi and the University have been trying alternately to discredit Alinsky and to ignore him since he began organizing Woodlawn.) As an example of the methods to which he objects, Levi cites a TWO leaflet naming a local food store and warning people to "watch out" for short weights, spoiled food, and short-changing "If this is what this merchant is really doing," Levi says, "he should be punished by the court--but with all the safeguards the law provides. This is not the way people should be taught to protect themselves," he argues; they should be taught to register complaints with the Department of Health (about spoiled food), and Department of Weight and Measures (about short weights), and the Police Department (about short change). Levi similarly deplores the use of rent strikes. If landlords were violating the building code, he argues, TWO should have brought action through the Building Department, the way the South East Chicago Commission does, instead of taking the law into its own hands.

But slum dwellers, as Levi surely knows, have been complaining to the Building Department and to other city agencies for years, to no avail. The reason the South East Chicago Commission is able to get rapid action on complaints it registers with the Building Department or any other city agency is that it has what politicians call "clout": the Commission is the urban renewal arm of the University of Chicago, whose board of trustees include some of the most influential businessmen and politicans in the city.

"Publicity about the ownership of notorious slum properties was given to the press, which published unflattering accounts of the abuse of housing decency."* TWO had none

* Peter H. Rossi & Robert A. Dentler, The Politics of Urban Renewal, Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press, 1961.

of these gentlemanly weapons at its disposal--hence its need to use cruder tactics.

In any case. Levi's criticisms miss the point--that the tactics he deplores are designed to serve more than one end. In the case of the fledgling Woodlawn Organization, the most urgent need was to persuade the local population that it could solve some of its problems through organization.

Once this guerilla warfare begins, the best organizing help of all frequently comes from "the enemy"--the established institutions who feel themselves threatened by the new organization. What really welded the Woodlawn community together, for example, was the University of Chicago's announcement, on July 19, 1960, that it planned to extend its "South Campus" into Woodlawn by annexing an adjacent strip a block wide and a mile long.

And so the University of Chicago obligingly supplied the whipping boy--itself--that was needed to unite tenants, homeowners, and businessmen in a common cause. Even before the South Campus proposal, the University was generally hated in Woodlawn--in part because it was white, in part because of its "Negro removal" tactics in the Hyde Park-Kenwood area, and in part because of a barbed-wire fence the University had put up to protect its campus against the Woodlawn community.

The controversy over the South Campus plan has been revealing in another respect. There has been a great deal of talk, in recent years, about ways of increasing "citizen participation" in city planning, especially urban renewal planning; federal legislation now requires local citizen participation in the formulation of renewal plans as a condition of federal aid. The Woodlawn experience indicates that "participation" means something very different to planners and to the academic researchers on whom they lean, than it does to the people being planned for. To the former, "citizen participation" means that the local residents are given a chance to air their views <u>after</u> the plans have been drawn, not before; planning, in this view, is a matter for experts, and "participation" is really thought of as "acquiescence."

Certainly the Chicago city planners showed no eagerness to engage the Woodlawn residents in any active role. Indeed, the planners' response to Woodlawn's demand that it be given responsibility and allowed to exercise initiative in planning for its own future was a proposal to

inundate the area with paternalism. Thus, the City Plan Commission, in March of 1962, presented a comprehensive plan for Woodlawn which included a huge program of urban renewal clearance, conservation, and rehabilitation; a massive investigation of illiteracy, ill-health, crime and unemployment; and a pilot attack on these problems to be financed by large government and foundation grants. In response to a question as to whether the planning committee had been guided by opinions from the community, the committee's Coordinating Consultant replied, "There is nobody to speak for the community. A community does not exist in Woodlawn." And Professor Philip Hauser, another consultant, volunteered his view that "The people there have only one common bond, opposition to the University of Chicago," and added gratuitously, "This is a community that reads nothing."

The two consultants were quickly disabused of their view. TWO responded with rhetoric ("We don't want to be planned for like children"; "We're tired of being pawns in sociological experiments"). But it did something unique in the annals of urban renewal; in conjunction with the Businessman's Association, it hired a firm of city planners to make a detailed critique of the city's proposal and to come up with alternate proposals. The critique pointed out a number of glaring contradictions between the City Plan Department's evaluation of Woodlawn in 1946, when it was all-white, and in 1962, when it was virtually all-Negro; for example, the 1946 report found that "land coverage in the community is not excessively high," while the 1962 report complained of dangerous overcrowding of both land and buildings, although no new construction had taken place in the interim. The critique also pointed out that the city's program would demolish a substantial number of attractive, well-kept homes in an area of relatively high owner-occupancy, but left untouched the bulk of the area classified as the most blighted.

To the discomfiture of the planners, TWO attacked the city's "social planning" as vigorously as it attacked the urban renewal planning. "Self-determination applies in the field of social welfare," the organization resolved at its 1962 convention. "Therefore the best programs are the ones that we develop, pay for and direct ourselves...Our aim is to lessen burdens in practical ways, but in ways that also guarantee we will keep our personal and community independence. We go on record as unqualifiedly opposing all notions of 'social planning' by either government or private groups. We will not be planned for as though we were children." Far from pleasing them, Woodlawn's desire for independence seemed only to anger the planners, whose "Papa

knows best" attitude was being attacked on all sides. "Some of their resolutions against welfare are singularly unfortunate," Professor Hauser observed. "What would they do without welfare?" Others called the resolutions "revolutionary" and even "subversive." The Woodlawnites were puzzled. "They've been calling us 'welfare chiselers' and 'dependent' and everything else in the book," said one TWO Negro. "Now they distrust us for trying things for ourselves." "Do you think it's possible," a TWO organizer asked Georgie Ann Geyer, a reporter for the Chicago Daily News, "that someone other than the Negro has a vested interest in welfare?"

Forcing the University of Chicago and the city planners to take account of the desires of the community is not the only victory The Woodlawn Organization has won. Before TWO was formed, every school in Woodlawn save one was on either double shift or overlapping session, and Board of Education members had announced that they saw no possibility of eliminating the double shift in their lifetime. By the spring of 1963, the double shift had been dropped and overcrowding substantially reduced. TWO has persuaded a number of Chicago firms to open up jobs for Negroes; it has stimulated a number of local block organizations to clean up and maintain their neighborhoods, and has forced landlords to repair their property. TWO's attacks on "the silent six" Negro aldermen of the Dawson machine has forced an unaccustomed militancy on them, and thereby changed the whole complexion of Chicago politics. In the process, TWO's president, Rev. Arthur M. Brazier, has become the principal spokesman on civil rights for Chicago Negroes; before TWO was organized, Reverend Brazier had been an obscure minister of a Pentacostal church concerned almost exclusively with the next life. The leadership and organization strength TWO has provided is the only thing that has kept Chicago's civil rights coalition together, and Brazier has the eloquence and ability to go on to become a major figure in the national civil rights movement.

What is crucial, in short, is not what the Woodlawn residents win, but that they are winning it; and this makes them see themselves in a new light - as men and women of substance and worth."

For Lesson V,C
(Job Description Game)

Planning for Change
3/1/68
J-D-1

WHAT DO WE DO?

1. We set type, design and layout posters and booklets and put all colors of ink on our presses. When we finish our job we put all the pages together and hope that people like to read what we have made. We are called _____. Do some of us work in your neighborhood?

2. We try to keep your neighborhood safe from fires. The City pays us to rescue people from burning buildings and spray water on the flames. We are called _____. Where are we located in your area?

3. Wouldn't life be hard if we had to go all the way out to where the farmers live to buy food! Usually, when you want some bread or milk and meat you buy it from us at our local stores. We are called _____. Where do you think we buy the food? Hint--we don't buy directly from the farmer either.

4. It took the pioneers months to walk and ride across our country. Today, we can get you to the west coast in a few hours by jet. We are called _____. Where do we work?

5. The people who run the local food stores get up very early to come to buy fish from us every morning. We get up even earlier to buy fish from the fishermen who come in from the ocean with their boats. We have all kinds of fish for sale in big tubs to sell to storekeepers. We won't sell to you, only to people who buy a lot of fish to sell to others. We are called _____.

6. What happened at City Hall today? Was there a fire in your neighborhood that you don't know about? What did President Johnson do? If you want to know you should tune me in on your TV. I have men out getting stories from all over the world and I tell them to everybody who listens. I am called a _____.

7. Do you feel like laughing? Crying? Why don't you come to hear me. Sometimes I work in a nightclub, sometimes I work in a theatre. (You can also see me on TV.) I am called a _____. When I am in a play or a musical comedy, people call me an _____.

8. Clothes make the man, people say. They make the women, too. People who sell clothes come from all over the country to see me wearing clothes. If they like them they will buy a lot and sell them to their local stores. Girls like me who wear clothes to show them off to buyers are called _____.

9. All the different things in the city are tied together by the subway system. Think how hard it would be to shop or get to work if there were no buses or subways. We help run the subway trains, tell people where to get off and make sure nobody gets caught in the doors. We are called subway _____. We go all over the city with our trains. Most people work in one place only. Do you know where the other people in this game work? If you do, write the place beside the question.